The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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Published weekly and copyrighted, 1935, in the United States, by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. United States: $5.00; Canada: $5.50; Foreign: $6.00. Single copies: $.10.

VOLUME XXII | Friday, September 13, 1935 | NUMBER 20

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LESSONS FROM WILLIAMSTOWN

IT IS perhaps futile to attempt to draw lessons from an event already more than a week old, however important in itself, at a time when important event after important event is happening practically every hour of the day, each one wiping out the impression of the preceding one, except from a few exceptional minds. Nevertheless, the Institute of Human Relations held by the National Conference of Jews and Christians, at Williams College, is an event of a sort which is constantly recurring, and its importance is of a type of particular value not only to the three religious groups concerned, but to our society in general. Some effort, therefore, to draw at least a few suggestions which may be of service in the future may be worth while.

First of all, then, we should say to our Catholic readers that in spite of the very just complaints uttered by some of the delegates of that faith at the conference itself, which were unfortunately magnified and distorted in the daily papers, all the Catholic delegates and visitors—so far as we know—were of one opinion as to the value of the conference, and the need, indeed the necessity, of continuing its work. The very fact that the Catholic position did not seem to be adequately considered by those who drew up the program, and who in the main were responsible for the deliberations, was in no sense a proof of any ill-will to Catholics, or their Church; but was conclusive proof—so it seems to us at least—of the further educational process which must be carried on concerning the Church, its claims, and its history, by and among the higher officials of the conference themselves.

Secondly, still addressing ourselves in a particular way to our Catholic readers, we should utter our opinion that the Williamstown Conference proved once again how inadequately organized our Catholic news services and, in

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general, our Catholic societies are when it comes to properly taking care of Catholic interests at such general meetings as that at Williams College. It had been known for some time that Señor Ramon Beteta, an official of the national revolutionary government—which absolutely controls all of Mexico—was to appear at Williamstown. It was also known that he had spoken in this country before, and that what he had to say was not only offensive to Catholics, but was historically inaccurate and badly balanced. Therefore, it would have seemed to have been somebody's business to have secured a copy of Señor Beteta's previous speech, which probably was closely paralleled by the one delivered at Williams College, and prepared an adequate answer to be presented by some properly qualified spokesman for the Catholic position. Until or unless the Catholics of this country adequately organize themselves, first of all, for the defense of their own faith, and, secondly, for the truthful education of their fellow citizens, it is useless to blame others for their mistakes and omissions, however keenly felt these latter may be.

Thirdly, and we here address both our Catholic and our non-Catholic readers, the reporting of the Williamstown Institute in the press was a startling example of one of the gravest faults with which the responsible directors of the American secular press may justly be charged, namely, the total inadequacy and even the flippancy with which the highly serious business of the Institute was dealt with by the news associations and most of the newspapers. So far as the present writer is concerned, he excepts the New York *Herald Tribune* from this general charge. The reporter for that journal did seem to show an appreciation of the underlying values of the Institute, and to make a serious effort to report its findings properly. But even such a paper as the New York *Times* was a conspicuous offender against what serious members of the general public must consider the proper ethics and practises of journalism. For example, the New York *Times* gave the principal space in one of its news reports to the intrusion of a German propagandist of the Nazi government who succeeded in taking up a considerable amount of the time at one of the sessions, to the injury of the other speakers and the dislocation of the entire program. This, no doubt, was sensational, amusing, interesting or grotesque—according to the way in which individual readers view the matter—but for a responsible newspaper to magnify a mere incident to the injury of the main picture was a sad commentary upon the growing degradation of American journalism. On another occasion, the present writer, the editor of THE COMMONWEAL, was named by the New York *Times* as having called a meeting of Catholics to protest against the treatment of the Catholic Church by the Institute. The news report in the *Times* stated not only that the editor of THE COMMONWEAL had called such a meeting, but also that a meeting had been held at half past four on Wednesday. No attempt was made by the New York *Times* reporter, so far as the present writer knows, to verify the report by asking him whether it was or was not so. This seems to be sensational newsmongering of the worst kind, against which a protest is legitimate and imperative. For the editor of THE COMMONWEAL had called no meeting, and no meeting was held. In other words, the New York *Times,* among many other papers, including those served by the news associations, mainly reported gossip rather than the underlying news values and realities of the Williamstown Conference.

Another comment that might be made concerning the Institute was the manner in which the liberals permit themselves, and their principles, to become the victims and tools of determined propagandists for non-liberal philosophies, such as that of German Fascism, or Mexican atheism. They permitted the propagandists of these latter determined groups to ignore the rules laid down by the liberals as to the conduct of the debate, run away with the time, and raise frantic applause by stating that at the bottom of their philosophies was the instrument of force, against which liberals themselves protest, and against which their rather futile meetings are directed. It is rather easy to understand, after witnessing the proceedings at Williamstown, how people who know what they want, like the Fascists of Italy and the Nazis of Germany, or the atheists of Mexico, use the liberals for their playthings, for their bait, by applying their own methods of obtaining what they want, the dominance of society.

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

AT THE beginning of September, the Roosevelt administration was seen to have effected a far-reaching change of policy, the consequences of which will be reckoned with for decades, even though a good deal of the legislation adopted be abrogated. The collapse of NRA has led to widely diffused indirect government regulation, of which various kinds of control through taxation surely form the most interesting part. Whether this new experiment will survive the scrutiny of the courts must be considered exceedingly doubtful; and by comparison with NRA it also suffers by reason of the complexity and obscurity of the task confronting the officials who must carry out the law. It seems, therefore, that regardless of the merits or de-

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merits of the "new program" as such, the situation is further proof of one bad American habit—the habit of creating jobs for a bureaucracy before that itself has been established in the form required. Few who examine in detail the present activities of our government will feel that confusion, red tape and lack of responsible leadership are any less marked now than they were during the war. The waste of time, money and men has been and is appalling. As a people we confront again the probability that confidence will be placed in legal machinery rather than in efficient and responsible executive action.

The German Bishops Speak

ASSEMBLED at Fulda, the German bishops wrote a pastoral letter which has since been read to the faithful. It is an extraordinarily conciliatory document, and by no manner of means satisfies the hopes of those who thought that more active resistance to Nazi policy was desirable. In this respect it continues the now firmly established policy of non-political action in countries where the Church confronts a hostile state. "German Catholics, maintain calm and order," says the letter. "You have often asked yourselves, during recent weeks, 'Must Catholics submit to everything in their own country? Shall we be branded as traitors when we gave so full a measure of blood sacrifice in the World War?' But the spirit of Christ fights according to other laws, and achieves victory by other weapons, than are those of the spirit of this world. Catholics, engage in no revolt, and offer no resistance through violence." These exhortations do not, of course, mean that no Catholics can offer effective resistance to the Nazi régime once the opportunity presents itself. The ruling is merely that political measures to be taken ought to be strictly disassociated from a Catholic party. Thus, while the Fulda conference has repeated the death sentence imposed upon the old Center, it has refrained from stipulating what form of civic action is to be supported by Catholic citizens, for whom there is no room in the Nazi party.

THAT no room exists there is, manifestly, the principal thesis of the new letter. One passage is especially clear: "We condemn all violations of existing state laws, but we also condemn that pharisaical arrogance which only accuses others and fails to see the beam in its own eye—that arrogance which pardons and covers with the cloak of silence everything done by party members and makes such a to-do about what other men do." As had been expected, the bishops vigorously denounced the neo-paganism of Rosenberg and Goebbels. But they also attacked the shackling of the press, the nature of the sterilization and marriage laws, the activities of the Hitlerjugend and the attack upon denominational education. It is therefore perfectly obvious that they have denounced the activities of the Nazi movement during the past two years; and though one might have relished a strong indictment of terrorism and a courageous word about the non-Aryan cult, the letter contains sufficient food for thought about the present position of the Church in Central Europe. These are days when the Catholic must be strong within and conciliatory without. It is, to be sure, extremely difficult to see how the laity can function effectively in Germany. Signs of a political and civic movement compatible with the Christian conscience are still lacking. Even if Dr. Hjalmar Schacht should become the center of resistance to Nazi extremists, it is far from clear that his fanatical, reactionary conservatism would be, from the Catholic point of view, more than the lesser of two grave and disturbing evils.

Mussolini's Challenge

WAR IS a diplomatic instrument which the nations of the world once promised not to use. How to employ it has been demonstrated in numerous ways, but we doubt that anything wholly like Il Duce's present exploit is in the record. The mobilization of all Italian armed forces against Ethiopia does more than destroy the hopes which have been placed in international guarantees of international law. It also directly challenges British control of eastern Africa, and indicates that London must either concede the point at stake or prepare for a show-down that may involve the use of armed power. If His Majesty's navy were actually concentrated in the Mediterranean, a war would be in progress though no shot had actually been fired. Were the British gambling as desperately as is Mussolini, such a declaration of hostilities would probably already have been made; but since they are not, the true answer to Mussolini will be given by Ethiopia itself. We think that the extraordinary concessions made to British and American interests were calculated primarily to aid Emperor Haile Selassie to get money and munitions. If oil men took their new responsibilities seriously, outside aid to Ethiopia might have rendered the Italian problem more difficult than it seems to be at present. The task of rendering that aid effective will not be easy, but is by no means insurmountable. If it is carried out, Mussolini's little war may turn out to be a fateful enterprise, indeed. He will get precious little sympathy—and precious little also of things more substantial than sympathy. That is the trouble with war as a diplomatic instrument. One can never tell what is waiting around the corner for either aggressor or victim.

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IN THE exchange of notes between the governments of the United States and Soviet Russia relating to the activities of the Third International, there has been a defining of apparently irreconcilable positions and a showdown has been left to acts which will speak more plainly, if possible, than words. The nub of the dispute was the written declaration by the official representative of the Soviet government, at the time recognition was accorded this government by the United States, to wit, "It will be the fixed policy of the government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics . . . not to permit the formation, or residence on its territory, of any organization or group—and to prevent the activity on its territory of any organization or group—which has as an aim the overthrow or the preparation for the overthrow of, or the bringing about by force of a change in the political or social order of the whole or any part of the United States, its territories or possessions." That pledge would seem to be clear enough and in view of the recent meeting of the International to have been proved clearly enough to be an empty promise. The reply of the Russian government to our government's first note of protest, that it "has not taken upon itself obligations of any kind with regard to the Communist International," was apparently an equally frank repudiation of the original covenant. Secretary of State Hull's final note saying that friendly and official relations between the two countries will depend on the actions of the Soviet government may now, in view of the unsettlement of the world so potentially dangerous to Russia—as she well knows—as well as to everyone else, have a very realistic effect in checking efforts for inciting civil war. The State Department can be reasonably depended upon to keep an eye open for unfriendly acts.

For Watchful Waiting

THE TRAGIC death in a motor crash of the wife of a Cabinet minister, following straight upon the death by the same means of Queen Astrid of Belgium, adds another stroke to a picture already sufficiently serious. It is to be hoped that the circumstances of publicity and celebrity which make these cases so genuinely shocking to the general mind may lesson that mind to the whole situation of motor travel more sharply than the mere list of persistently mounting tragedies seems to do. We have not yet tamed machinery, whatever magical performances may be cited to the contrary. It always presents a separate factor, in addition to the strength and skill of the one handling it, or the smoothness of the medium it must traverse. This seems to be proved in the case of the death of the Belgian Queen, when the skidding car apparently was being driven at a moderate pace over a road generally held to be easy and safe; as it was proved in the case of the airplane which brought Will Rogers and Wiley Post down to their deaths. And since this is so, since there is always an incalculable element, which may be mortal, the only condition upon which a machine should in conscience be driven at all is the condition of constant care and vigilance; of the realization that danger is always present and that speeding indefinitely increases it; of the sense that unnecessary speeding verges upon criminal folly. How far the automobile-riding and especially driving public are from this realization is only too evident from even a casual glance at the daily papers. One page of the New York *Times*, taken at random, carries four stories of hit-and-run deaths, in addition to an account of the campaign in Massachusetts to end drunken driving by what may yet prove to be the most efficient corrective in this whole field—the suspension of licenses and registrations. We should like to see that policy tried out over the country.

Untamed Motors

THE WRITER self-named O. Henry, who fixed the legend that New York is the story book city of the world, must be sending down a kindly smile from his bed of asphodel at its latest vindication of his rightness. None of the fascinating histories that make up "The Four Million" or "The Trimmed Lamp" presents a situation of more ironic contrast or is resolved by the touch of a more fantastic kindliness than the Muller case. A very well known portrait painter, by a turn of the wheel of fortune, is penniless; he and his wife are about to be evicted for $200 arrears of rent. His story is published in the metropolitan press, accompanied by his photograph which shows also his portrait of the celebrated philosopher to whom he bears a startling resemblance. The accounts mention his other sitters, among them many of the most important figures of our time. Twenty-four hours pass, during which the disinterested reader speculates a little anxiously as to what artists' benevolent association or what group of wealthy patrons of the arts or what individual, perhaps, of those whom the master has immortalized on canvas, will come to his rescue. Tomorrow's paper resumes the story. A chauffeur and his wife, a maid, both employed in one of the suburban cities—Greenwich to its lasting glory—have been moved by the predicament of the famous man. Their savings, $340, are at his disposal. Their names, however, are to be withheld from publication. Only the last touch would perhaps seem a little strange to the chronicler of Bagdad-on-the-Subway.

According to O. Henry

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COMMUNISM TURNED CATHOLIC

By J. ELLIOT ROSS

The charms of communal ownership were not lost on our ancestors, particularly those who lived during centuries following the break-up of medieval polity. In the present article Father Ross describes "the longest-lived and most successful" of older experiments in "communism." This was begun in Paraguay by Jesuit missionaries in the early years of the seventeenth century. Perhaps the most interesting of the measures taken in Paraguay was the elimination of money.—The Editors.

BELIEVE it or not, the longest-lived and most successful modern experiment in communism[1] was under Catholic auspices. By this I do not mean the religious orders of the Church. They are communistic, it is true, and they have had a very long and successful existence. But they are tiny oases in a competitive society, and they do not themselves constitute an independent, self-sustaining communistic society. Moreover, they operate under such restricted conditions that they throw no light on what is possible on a national scale. At most, the religious communities are made up of a few hundred members of one sex who have embraced this way of life voluntarily, and who have been admitted by the community only after rigid tests in a novitiate. Religious orders face none of the complications that would come from being compelled to accept scores of thousands of both sexes who had been born into a communistic society instead of adopting it freely from conviction.

The experiment to which I refer embraced at its height 150,000 men, women and children forming a communistic society covering a territory as large as modern Greece. They had been born into this society with no more choice than we have in being Americans, and the society had to receive them. Strictly speaking, this communistic experiment, being subject to the King of Spain, was not a sovereign nation. But economically it was independent and self-sustaining, and what was done there could much more easily have been done by a nation completely independent politically. It was somewhat as if the United States were to allow a similar economic organization in Puerto Rico.

The reader has very probably guessed that this description fits the Jesuit Reductions or Missions in Paraguay. Ironically, this real Utopia flourished near the Chaco, so recently the scene of bloody conflict between Bolivia and Paraguay. The first mission was founded among the Guaranís in 1610; in 1767, the Jesuits were expelled because they had been too successful. Powerful enemies had been made among those Spaniards who wished to exploit these Indians as they had exploited other natives. Stories of fabulously rich mines discovered by the Jesuits excited the cupidity of the conquering race. These legends were repeated only recently in our secular press. And so, after 150 years, this experiment in communism collapsed, not from internal weakness, not because the social theory underlying it was wrong, but because external enemies proved too strong.

Each mission village was built around a square or rectangle. At one end were the church, priests' residence and storehouse. Like the missions in Texas, the churches sometimes achieved considerable dignity, and they could compare favorably in architecture with the churches of the colonies and even of Europe. In "Green Hell," the author comments on the wonder of coming upon such architecture in what is now a wilderness. And one must marvel at what the missionaries accomplished under the conditions confronting them.

On the other three sides of the quadrangle were one-story houses for the Indians, built with a continuous roof and with a piazza facing the square. One imagines that they were somewhat like the ranges, as they are called, built around the quadrangle at the University of Virginia. Each Indian family occupied separate quarters in these houses.

Besides the house assigned to a family for individual use, there were also private garden plots. The produce of these gardens belonged to the individuals, instead of going into the common store. But neither the houses nor the gardens were private property in the sense that they might be sold or rented to someone else. Rather they were like the quarters assigned to married soldiers on a government reservation. Real estate speculation was impossible. As the missions grew and previously worthless ground became valuable through community effort, shrewd individuals could not sell their title at a profit and live ever afterward without working.

The Spaniards had made the Indians work by enslaving them, and then they took most of the

[1] It should be noted that "communism" is here spelt with a small "c," as indicating merely a system of social organization and of holding property. This is to distinguish it from "Communism" with a capital "C," which implies the Marxian philosophy, or the Communist political party. There is a similar distinction between republicanism in general and the G.O.P.

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product of their labor; the Jesuits managed to get the Indians to work voluntarily, and the Indians received the full product of their toil. It was no mean feat in practical psychology by which the missionaries endowed work with such attractiveness that the Indians took to it. A recent Protestant writer has thus described ("A Vanished Arcady," by R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, page 178) the way in which the Jesuits accomplished this for the main occupation of the missions, agriculture.

> To the task of agriculture the Jesuits marshalled their neophytes to the sound of music, and in procession to the field, with a saint borne high aloft, the community each day at sunrise took its way. Along the paths, at stated intervals, were shrines of saints, and before each of them they prayed, and between each shrine sang hymns. As the procession advanced, it became gradually smaller as groups of Indians dropped off to work the various fields, and finally the priest and acolyte with the musicians returned alone. At midday, before eating, they all united and sang hymns, and then, after their meal and siesta, returned to work till sundown, when the procession again re-formed and the laborers, singing, returned to their abodes.

One is reminded of the semi-military glamor thrown around the camps for agricultural laborers in present-day Germany, and certainly the honors are with the Jesuits rather than with Hitler. Still more favorable is comparison between the Jesuits and the *conquistadores* of their day. If the life of the Indians in the missions was arcadian, their life in the cities and on the ranches was purgatorial.

In addition to agriculture and cattle-raising, most of the arts and trades of Europe were practised. The missions were practically independent of the outside world. They wove their own cloth, hewed their own timber, cut their own stone, made their own mortar. Some of the Indians worked as blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, artizans of all sorts. They made powder, arms and musical instruments. Books were printed, cloth embroidered, pictures painted, stone carved. The women did some of the family gardening, but mostly they were employed in weaving cloth.

Except for the individual gardens, what was produced, either in the way of agriculture or of manufacture, went into a common store. And as some of the Indians were inclined not to work if they had too large a food supply, only a week's rations were dealt out at one time. Any surplus was kept to exchange for supplies from Buenos Aires or from Spain.

The government of the missions was democratic, although the Jesuits saw to it that capable and upright candidates were elected to office. A mayor was responsible for discipline. On complaint to the mayor that a particular individual shirked his work, rations might be withheld until he showed a better disposition. It was a very practical application of Saint Paul's dictum, "If any man will not work, neither let him eat" (II Thessalonians, iii, 10). There were police for internal order, and militia to safeguard peace without. In general, the morality of the Indians was high. Serious crimes were few. Certainly, there were no such "crime waves" as disgrace our own big cities. There was no need to inflict capital punishment.

As far as internal organization was concerned, the Indians had that social security of which there is so much talk, with so little accomplishment, today. Old age, widowhood, orphanship, were provided for without the disgrace of charity or the lowering of morale due to being "on relief." From each according to his power, to each according to his need, was not a political slogan, a campaign promise, but an actuality.

And yet there was a limited scope for rewarding exceptional effort. Certain tasks were more desirable than others. The offices were eagerly sought after. Then, too, if more could be produced in a garden than the individual needed, he might exchange this with the Jesuits for trinkets they imported. But the Indians had no commerce with the outside world, and they were carefully guarded against contamination from an older "Christian" civilization.

There was no luxury in the missions, but there was rude plenty. If there were no riches such as we know them, likewise there was no poverty. The Indians dressed simply and wore no shoes. Furniture was of the plainest, and mostly it was made at the mission. Workdays were often interrupted by religious feasts. And in the celebration of those feasts there was a gorgeous display so dear to the Indian heart. The Indians lived as happily as is possible in this vale of tears. This was no paper Utopia of an armchair Socialist, but the real thing made up of flesh and blood men. If Saint Thomas More has been acclaimed for writing of an imaginary "Nowhere," how much more credit is due the Jesuits for building a much better place in actual life! The work of the Jesuits in these missions has received too little attention from students of social experiments.

It is with a certain wistfulness that one contrasts this simple arcadia with modern civilization. Naturally, there were sickness and death. But there were no such artificial calamities as unemployment and catastrophic surpluses. If crops proved exceptionally good, this redounded to the benefit of all. The Jesuits never solemnly explained to the Indians that they had raised so much food half of them would have to go hungry; that they had such a vast amount of fuel they would have to be chilly; that building material had piled up to such an extent they would

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have to be overcrowded in existing houses. No such specious sophistries were required, because the missions were organized in such a manner that there was no way by which a few could monopolize more than they needed while others starved. One regrets that the Jesuits never did for so-called civilized and Christian men what they did for these Indians, and that one can only read about such a system instead of seeing it in actual operation.

What was the secret of Jesuit success in Paraguay? Religious zeal, strict probity, exceptional intelligence, to be sure. But back of all this was the fact that they eliminated money. It is true that they sold in the outside world the products of the missions, and with the money thus obtained they bought what they did not produce. But in the missions themselves, there seems to have been no money. Consequently there was no money power, with the possibiilty of one man through such power gaining an ascendancy over others.

In commenting on the Gospel story of Christ feeding the five thousand in the wilderness, Father Vincent McNabb, the English Dominican, has a very searching remark. These men "were filled," he says, they had all they wanted so that twelve baskets of fragments they did not want were collected, because Christ had distributed bread and fishes. If he had distributed money, no one would have been "filled," and there would have been no baskets gathered of what was left over. The reason for this, Father McNabb points out, is that when men deal directly with things, their wants are limited; but when they deal with an indefinitely expansible abstraction, money, their desires are capable of indefinite expansion.

The Indians in the missions under the Jesuits kept close to things. They knew bread and meat, houses and clothing, but not dollars and cents, stocks and bonds. At most, they could eat only a certain quantity, wear a limited amount of clothing, live in only one house. No one had very much, but all had sufficient. And if, as Epictetus says, it is not Providence that makes us poor, but our desires, then the desires of the Indians being limited to what they had, they were not poor.

There was no advantage to anyone in stimulating artificial wants by advertising. If one had visited this idyllic paradise, no billboards would have screamed at him that Old Mold cigarettes have not a cough in a carload, that Blisterine conquers halitosis. The peaceful night air was not disturbed by radio humorists paid for by the greatest tooth paste ever made. No demagogs could screach through microphones to stir never-to-be-fulfilled longings. Instead of reading tabloid newspapers in crowded subways, the Indians read the heavens in the freedom of God's air.

Would the system of the Jesuit missions work with men who have known Fords and the radio and newspapers and the movies? Would any considerable number of our urbanized population exchange the hardships and uncertainties of slum life for the pastoral social security these Indian wards had? Probably not. Certainly the Jesuits have never attempted any such social and economic experiment among civilized white people. And short of such honest, zealous, intelligent leaders as were the Jesuit missionaries, who would wish to trust himself to a communistic experiment like this? Imagine what a failure our politicians would make of it! The fire of communism may well be hotter than the frying-pan of competition.

Song of the Rood

The Tree Laments

Earth from which I drew my strength,
Sun, so lavish with your warmth,
Air, which fed my every bough,
Grieve with me and sorrow now
That you gave me life to go
Out along this road of woe.
Snow that warmed my roots and rain,
Pressing to my lips your cup,
Sorry was the drink you brewed,
Nourishing this bitter rood.
Lightning with your blazing sword,
Had you struck me limb from limb
I should not have arms for Him,
For the body of my Lord.
Weep, O Clouds, and darken, Sun,
For the thing I have become,
I, the pine tree, growing tall
For the fire in the hall;
Growing strong to furnish spars
Or a mast against the stars.
Master, that I am this tree
In Thy mercy pardon me.

The Figure Answers

Why, O Pine, do you lament
That you are the instrument
Of My passion and My pain?
I it was Who caused the rain
And the sun to mold your wood
For the universal good.
That no wound might work you harm
I laid on the resin's balm.
I restrained the whirlwind's breath
That your life might be My death.
Out of all the forest trees
I have chosen you, the pine,
To complete the great design.
Be at peace and still your cry.
Greater glory is there none.
Blotting out the moon and sun,
Hold Me proudly, hold Me high,
Tree of light against the sky.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON.

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VETERANS AND POLITICS

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

THOUGH the Senate sustained President Roosevelt's veto of the Patman bonus bill, prepayment in full of the World War adjusted service certificates, representing a Treasury obligation of more than $2,000,000,000, not due until 1945, will again be demanded of Congress at its next session. The thundering majority by which the House, better than two to one, voted to override the executive veto, the plans of the veterans' organizations for a renewal of the offensive, and the sweep of inflationist sentiment—all assure another bonus battle next winter. As every Capitol Hill observer knows, many congressmen are delighted that the bonus remains an issue for the congressional politics of 1936. Containing as it does the lure of federal cash for several million voters, the bonus, by its congressional supporters, is rated a good vote-getter, both in the primaries and on election day. Had the Senate failed to sustain Mr. Roosevelt, the soldiers would have received their money, and the bonus would no longer be either a "live" issue or a vote-puller. Senate and House steering committees have agreed to give bonus legislation the right of way when Congress convenes in January.

An expensive tradition has been our inheritance from the past, a tradition not only of military unpreparedness, which has made all our wars far more costly than they should have been, but a tradition that easily establishes, after every war, a bounty system for former soldiers in their later years, whether or not disabled by their war service, and the widows of soldiers who had married during the piping days of peace Those who gave legislative form to our war effort in 1917 and 1918 had not forgotten the Civil War pension grabs, the grasping pension agents, and the corruption and venality that opened the United States Treasury to many an undeserving if not fraudulent claim. They tried to save American soldiers and sailors who served in the World War from the humiliation of parallel scandals through a system of government life insurance, in part financed by deductions from the soldiers' pay, vocational training for the wounded and disabled, and by compensation for service-connected disabilities. Congress intended to deal generously with the men who returned from the war broken in body, or in health, and, thanks to the efforts of the veterans' organizations, legislation was soon placed on the statute books to discharge the nation's obligation to those who came back to civil life battle-scarred.

The politicians, however, refused to emancipate themselves from the costly traditions of the past. Old-timers had not forgotten the power wielded by the Grand Army of the Republic, in its heyday, and they knew, also, that the use of public funds to win the favor of ex-soldiers had helped to maintain many politicians of the post-Civil War period in office. Veterans of the armies of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were peculiarly the wards of the Republican party, for Southern Democrats, in the decades following the Civil War, had no inclination to vote pensions for Union soldiers, while the veterans of the Grey, who had fought for the lost cause under Lee, Jackson and Jeb Stuart, could hope for but meager financial help from the prostrate states of the Southland. So Democrats in Congress, those at least from the South, did exercise some restraining influence against the pension grabs that had the support of so many Republican office-holders.

Those who answered the call of country in 1917 and 1918 came from the North and South, East and West, in numbers approximately proportionate to the population of each state. The Republican party these fifteen years or more has had no vested interests in the votes of the World War veterans, who now live in every state of the Union. Since 1920, the South has had its full share of the federal cash distributed for veterans' benefits. Remembering perhaps the lean years, when practically all the Civil War pension checks went into the Republican states of the North and Middle West, the Democrats have tended to outdo the Republicans in Congress in their readiness to vote for soldiers' bounties. It was the Democratic party in Congress that provided the spearhead of the drive in behalf of the Patman bonus bill.

Congress has failed since 1919 to adhere to sound principles in its treatment of World War veterans for the same reason that it failed to adhere to these principles in legislation affecting veterans of other wars—politics. And politics again affords the key to the willingness of a majority of both House and Senate to pay to the soldiers now the full value of the adjusted service certificates, not due until 1945. The average congressman keeps his eye closely on the next primary and election in his district. The ex-soldiers and their families and dependents make up a powerful group in every one of the 435 congressional districts—perhaps 20,000 to a district. To cater to this group, to pose as their friends,

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to secure for them special favors from the Treasury—this is far too often a part of practical politics as our politicians have inherited the trade from their predecessors. If the principle worked of old, when the Republicans found their alliance with the Grand Army of the Republic so profitable, why should it not work today? The direct primary again has exposed the congressman of our day to coercion by organized minorities far greater and more relentless than any coercion faced by his predecessors a few decades ago. In a close election, the scales may be tipped to defeat a congressman, or elect his opponent, if the organized minority can muster a couple of hundred votes. It is the power of the veterans as an organized and militant minority that has explained, since 1919, why nearly all veterans' legislation has had strong congressional backing. The so-called veterans' vote is regarded as an asset of prime importance both to the ins and the outs.

So now we see the reemergence of the soldier politician: that is, the politician, whether a veteran or not, who seeks to capitalize the votes of former soldiers, by offering them special privileges, Treasury bounties and what not. The veterans are human beings, no less, and probably no more avid than any representative group of Americans. Politicians aplenty have amassed wealth out of city or other public contracts, and in every war in which we have engaged some civilians have sought to profiteer at the expense of the public treasury—from the days of the Revolution, when Pennsylvania farmers refused to sell food to Washington's half-starved soldiers because the British at Philadelphia could give them a better price, down to 1917 and 1918, with its cost plus contracts and the bonuses and huge profits of the munition makers and others who sold war supplies to the government.

In their eagerness to capitalize the demands of the veterans for prepayment of their "adjusted compensation," the politicians have shown scant consideration for the larger common good. During former President Hoover's last year in the White House, for example, when the Great Depression had brought the nation perilously near economic distintegration, bonus advocates in Congress, in the face of a certain presidential veto, raised the hopes of millions of veterans for federal cash through their sponsorship of the bonus bill, and their flat predictions that it would become law before the end of the 1932 session. In Washington and before mass meetings of ex-soldiers out in the country, many congressmen promised quick action on the bonus. Unemployed and destitute veterans constituted a large and growing army. Many of them took the promise of congressmen on its face value, and started their ill-fated march to Washington. Essentially an expression of economic discontent, though aided and abetted by subversive agitators, the descent of the bonus army on Washington contributed to the history of the depression one of its most tragic chapters. Made up for the most part of fairly representative but misguided Americans, the bonus army came to Washington for a mass demonstration in behalf of their cause—as lobbyists, if you will. They were not armed and, on the whole, caused little disorder. Their later forcible ejection from the city by regular troops was capitalized by Mr. Hoover's political opposition as an illustration of the alleged Toryism of the Republican administration, and its unwillingness to heed the cry of human misery. With their promises of bonus legislation the congressional politicians were themselves largely responsible for the march of the bonus army on Washington, and the tragedy of its anti-climax: ejection of the ex-soldiers by army regulars, the burning of their camps and, last but not least, the prejudice thereafter attached in the public mind to the word "veteran."

More freshly in mind is the contest over the Patman currency inflation bonus bill. The American Legion measure, calling for payment of the bonus in the orthodox manner, that is, either through a bond issue or a direct Treasury appropriation, early was sidetracked for the Patman currency inflation proposal, to pay the soldiers through the issuance of new currency. In Congress and outside, hard times have brought a powerful demand for inflation, as they did during the period of greenbackism. Grabbing the bonus issue, and capitalizing the known desires of most veterans for bonus cash, the inflationists tied inflation to the bonus. The result was another sordid chapter in the history of the relations between the veterans and the politicians. Many of the Democratic leaders wanted the Patman currency inflation bill to go to the President, on the theory, justified by the events, that it would be an easier veto to sustain in the Senate, on account of the hostility of many senators to currency inflation. Once again, the soldiers had played into the hands of the politicians. Representatives and senators meanwhile had killed two birds with one stone. The inflationists were able to tell the folks back home that they had voted for cheap money, and the "friends" of the soldiers had assured themselves, by voting for the Patman bill, of the support next election of their soldier constituents, at least those who wanted prepayment of the bonus.

The stress placed for so many years on the bonus, as differentiated from legislation conferring benefits on the war disabled and the families of the war dead, evidences clearly enough the determination of the politicians to woo the whole veteran population, the able-bodied quite

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as much as the disabled. The latter group comprises but a small part of the veteran population. Close to 4,000,000 ex-service men hold the adjusted service certificates. Deducting loans already made on these certificates, prepayment of the bonus will put in the pocket of the average soldier $500. This is a large enough sum to make it worth their while for most veterans to vote for their candidate pledged to bonus payment.

If the prepayment of the bonus would end for all time the agitation for bounties for former soldiers, it might be worth the cost to pay the obligation, in advance of the contract date, and take the question out of the arena of current controversy. His alliance with the veterans, however, has proved too profitable in the past for the politician to permit us to indulge in the pious hope that payment of the adjusted service certificates will put an end to the demands of the veterans on the Treasury. In his veto message, President Roosevelt warned that candidates for elective office would in the near future be presented, in the "name of patriotism," with demands that they support general pension legislation. His prediction squares with American political history. Not only this, but a drive for pensions for widows and others will inevitably follow. This will mean the establishment of a favored class in the body politic, a class numbering more than 4,000,000 including their families and dependents. Down the years this large population group will offer an ever-present temptation to the office-seeker and the politician. No country, not even the United States, can safely essay such a burden. If the World War veterans, and their families, at any time in the near future, are granted approximately the same benefits that the survivors of the Spanish American War receive, the cost to the Treasury will eventually total $3,000,000,000 a year or more—all for pensions and benefits to a single group.

In January, 1818, Congressman Smith of South Carolina opposed with prophetic voice the pension tradition already taking root in this country. Speaking in Congress on a proposed pension bill he said, "It is not the amount which this measure will cost the nation that is the most objectionable, but the abominable pension system that is to grow out of it. It may not be immediate; it is to come on gradually, as all other systems of oppression have done. And when we are gone to rest, posterity will writhe beneath the yoke, borne down by hearth money, excises and taxes, to support pensions and places, the curse of a nation."

Continued manipulation of the veterans by the politicians and the use of public funds to win the "veterans' vote" will not only impose on the taxpayers an ever-increasing burden but they threaten also to take away from the veterans the place of honor which belongs by right to those who served in the armed forces of the nation in war. Is the rôle of pawn on the chess-board of politics worth the forfeiture of his place of honor in the community? Every war veteran owes it to himself to ponder this question.

THOMAS MORE AND THE SOVIETS

By SISTER JULIE

A RECENT letter to the London *Times* states that a handbook published in Moscow for the use of the army of the U. S. S. R., begins with the calendar of anniversaries of those whom Communism delights to honor. Along with Marx, Engels, Lenin and Bebel appears the name of Thomas More, author of "Utopia." The Soviet canonization of More occurred shortly before his canonization by Pope Pius XI on May 19.

We may imagine the delight of that irrepressible humorist in this magnificent paradox. Scarcely anything would please him more than the delicious irony of Soviet homage being paid to a canonized saint whose life was an act of supernatural faith and whose death was the seal of that faith. Even more delightful is the irony of an incident which occurred while the Soviet leaders were making a study of the life, work and social theories of the author of "Utopia."

The story was told by Professor Robert W. Chambers of the University of London before the Margaret Roper Society (of Catholic undergraduate women) of Oxford University. At the time, Professor Chambers was preparing for publication the Harpsfield "Life of More," a contemporary biography, hitherto unpublished. A transcript of one of the manuscripts had been printed in the monthly magazine, *Manhu,* of the Sisters of the Adoration Reparatrice, 28 Beaufort Street, whose convent is built on the site of More's Chelsea estate. News of this obscure event of the printing of an Elizabethan life of a blessed martyr in the convent journal of some French nuns penetrated dense Russia and tickled the "itching ears" of disciples of Lenin. The Karl Marx Foundation of the University of the Soviet State wrote to Professor Chambers asking him to put them in touch with the ladies who had documents concerning Thomas More, "the Great

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Communist." Professor Chambers appreciated the droll humor of the situation. How he dealt with the request, he did not say. Anyone who has visited 28 Beaufort Street would wish that he had, in the spirit of More himself, played the huge joke of bringing the Reds into communication, preferably contact, with the nunnery. One would like to have seen a solemn Soviet delegation sitting in the bare little convent parlor waiting for the Reverend Mother (just finishing her hour in the Chapel of Perpetual Adoration). One would hope that the little French Sister-portress would show them while they waited, from a small show-case in a corner of the room, the "holy cards" dispensed by the convent, bearing a picture of the martyr and a prayer for his canonization, with the information that the pictures have touched the goblet used by the Blessed, who died affirming the supremacy of the Church over the State.

The thoroughness of the Soviet research is interesting and significant. It really deserves more success than it has obviously attained. It deserves not to be deceived as so many have been deceived or sadly puzzled by the banter of the author of "Utopia." Most of the readers of Sir Thomas More (ironical comment on human nature) are like that shrewish, worldly minded wife of his, Mistress Alice More, who could never see the point of her husband's jokes. Before the Soviets, William Morris saw in "Utopia" a complete gospel of Socialism and the great Dominican Cardinal of the nineteenth century, Zigliara, denounced it as "no less foolish than impious." More, wittiest of the saints, has somber place among writers on social ethics, government, political economy, chiefly because he liked to amuse Erasmus and wanted to continue the delightful banter of the "Encomium Moriae."

The sketch of an ideal commonwealth, situated in Never-never Land ("Utopia" is Greek for "nowhere"), was written in Belgium in 1515 when More, on a diplomatic mission, was enjoying a few months of comparative leisure among a responsive and stimulating group of humanist friends. It forms the second book of "Utopia," the part which is best known and most misunderstood. Back in England, More wrote a first book which presents with a burning earnestness an analysis of the abuses prevalent in that country which was gradually ceasing to be "merrie England," where poverty abounded and injustice reigned.

The description of the communistic state appears to be More's solution to the problems of misgovernment he has presented in the introduction. Because he makes Communism the constitution of "Utopia," some of the most serious students of More's works regard him as the advocate of the communistic system. This is the crucial problem of "Utopia," a very crucial problem at present, for it seems to pose the question, "Would Saint Thomas More advocate Russian Communism?" Futile question, which "Utopia" does not answer, and which no research however dogged may illuminate.

First of all, "Utopia" is in a literary form, that of the dialog, which enables More, without committing himself, to put the case for and against Communism. The first book presents the relation by Raphael Hythloday, a fictitious Portuguese sailor, of a discussion between himself and Cardinal Morton, actual friend and patron of Thomas More. This discussion leads up to the debate on wealth and the community of goods carried on by More himself and Hythloday. Raphael introduces the question of the king's wealth. He thinks a king should have but small treasure. So he would advise a king, were he a counsellor, and so he opines that a king would be deaf to all he had to say. "No doubt, very deaf," answered Thomas More, sagely, and points out the ground of his difference with Raphael. He is less idealistic than Hythloday; he has the more practical, saner view of a man of wider experience; he knows that an ideal state of affairs cannot be attained except gradually and with long, hard-fought preparations. He concludes, "Except all men were good, everything cannot be right, and that is a blessing that I do not at present hope to see." "Except all men were good"—inexorable proviso of the "Great Communist."

It is at the close of the second book that we have More's position specifically defined. In clear tones he speaks as the Catholic Social Teacher. Yet he is not understood, though he shows so luminously of what spirit he is, whose colors he wears. He points out two kinds of Communism and that which he advocates is not Red. It is green, if we may be permitted to add to Mr. Peter Maurin's idea of "green" Communism the Christian symbolism of colors. More's Communism rests on Christian hope. Hythloday says that he found the Utopians very much inclined to the Christian religion.

> It is not to be imagined how inclined they were to receive it . . . whether . . . from any secret inspiration of God, or . . . because it seemed so favorable to community of goods . . .; since they perceived that Christ and His followers lived by that rule and that it was still kept up in some communities among the sincerest sort of Christians.

This would seem to be a very plain statement that Utopia, though ideal, was subject to improvement.

In the closing paragraph of the dialog, More reiterates the ground of his difference with Hythloday. He says that though many things Hythloday had mentioned seemed to him "very absurd," "chiefly what seemed the foundation of all the

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rest, their living in common . . . he desisted from bringing up any objection, not being sure that Raphael could easily bear contradiction." Many things, he says, in the Commonwealth of Utopia, he rather wishes than hopes to see followed.

It is very likely that there are also many things which he would neither wish nor hope to see followed in his own government. Nobody seems to have observed that though Utopia is ideal, it is very dreary. The Utopians are really not lovable; there is nothing winsome in their manners; there is none of that enchanting graciousness, that winning tenderness, that one meets among the "sincerest sort of Christians," that gracefulness that characterizes More's own life in all its relations. No Utopia could have formed the fine mind and spirit of Margaret Roper, More's favorite daughter, one of the best-educated women of her century, whose name has become a legend of filial devotion and tenderness. No Utopian could have made that gracious allusion to the judges who had condemned him to death by which the great More hopes for their salvation as he hopes for his own. Saint Paul, he reminded them, was present at the stoning of Saint Stephen, consenting to his death. "Yet be they now both twain holy saints in heaven." So he hoped that he and his judges might hereafter in heaven "merrily all meet together."

Such a merry hope hardly comes from Utopia, which is curiously without merriment. This may be due to the fact that the Utopian children, purveyors of merriment, sweet melody of innocent hearts, were only to be seen and not heard. They are mentioned significantly in a passage which is surely one of those that give the character of wit and satire to "Utopia":

> All the children under five years old sit among the nurses; the rest of the younger sort of both sexes, till they are fit for marriage, either serve those that sit at table, or, if they are not strong enough for that, stand by them in great silence, and eat what is given them; nor have they any other formality of dining.

Marvellous little Utopians! Small wonder that the father of that patriarchal household in Chelsea, whose vivacity and charm Erasmus has immortalized, admitted finally that he could not agree to everything Raphael Hythloday related. "Tilly vally, tilly vally, Ralph Hythloday," Mistress Alice More would have said, recalling that lively family circle consisting of More's children and grandchildren, relatives and guests, his Fool and his servants.

One must be ready to concede, however, that tractableness in children might possibly be the enviable achievement of a well-regulated society which worked six hours a day, slept eight, and spent their leisure according to their own discretion and inclination, without, it would seem, needing any guidance in how to make profitable use of leisure time. The six-hour day and the guarantee of eight hours' sleep might also have supported adequately a national educational system which would seem to have needed nothing short of miraculous cooperation. It was ordinary, related Raphael Hythloday, to have public lectures every morning before daybreak, at which, however (merciful stipulation),

> none are obliged to appear but those who are marked out for literature; yet a great many, both men and women of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or other. . . . But if others that are not made for contemplation choose rather to employ themselves at that time in their trades . . . they are not hindered.

Small wonder that children were tractable and stood "in marvellous silence" (in the phrasing of Utopia's earliest translator) when grown-ups were well-disposed to listen to lectures before daybreak.

Small wonder that some of Saint Thomas More's readers are prone to be a bit sceptical about Utopia. There may have been in this ideal Never-never Land an absence of idleness, and of useless labor, and therefore an abundance of everything. Still one finds it hard to believe that every Utopian father went to the common market to take whatsoever he or his family stood in need of and that there was no danger of a man's asking for more than he needed. Wasn't there any such thing in Utopia as individual taste and the inclination to indulge it? Was there never a Utopian father indulgent enough to lay in a store of cocoanuts, let us say, for a little son who had an extraordinary preference and capacity for cocoanuts? Never a father indulgent enough to bring his little girl enough apricots to last the day when she would be reduced to eating plums unless he provided for her? "It is fear of want," says Raphael Hythloday, "that makes any of the whole race of animals either greedy or ravenous." Is it, indeed, fear of want? Thomas More must have smiled, Thomas More, who, living in the world of men, had seen the manifestation of the lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, Thomas More, who knew that not without struggle do Christians triumph over the threefold greed of property, pleasure and power.

We must not forget his inexorable proviso, "Except all men were good." This is the gloss that throws light upon all the doctrines of Utopia. This is the golden key to the documents of the sainted Communist sought by those earnest students of the Karl Marx Group of the Soviet University, whose discovery of the golden key is a consummation devoutly to be hoped for—and, perhaps, not hoped for in vain, now that there has happily been established a contact between the modern Utopians and that enchanting Christian, Thomas More.

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CRITICS AND THE SOUTH

By LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY

WHEN a man walks five miles with his dog, the dog walks ten miles at least; twenty if it be a terrier. Literary critics remind one of a man walking with his dog, if it be granted to hold the ranging dog analogous to the ranging interpolation of the critic. For the critic walks the only course open to him, straight through the book; but his energetic interpolation runs up and down all sorts of imaginary alleys and over whole fields that too often are littered with broken bottles and rusted cans.

It is that interpolation which has substituted fact for fiction, the whole for the part, the untruth for the half truth, and the essentially native for the (obviously) universal. And woe to Southerners because a few competent writers have popularized some very repugnant characters in novels of the South. That the characters are fictive is no denial of an unconscionable actuality. They may not be wholly fictive, of course; but if they are, certainly they have parallels in fact. The difficulty occurs in the critics' tendency to exaggerate the odious character into something like a prevalent type eccentric to a province that holds no more of him than that province just over the state line, and that just over the next state line, and the next, and the next, on to North Dakota. That is the fleet-footed, wide-ranging, irresponsible interpolation.

Regardless of the astonishing hallucination, no section of America, white America—for the much maligned Negro is going to suffer no factual or fictional blame in this paper—no section of America threatens a corner upon either virtue or vice, genius or stupidity, industry or shiftlessness. There are specious retorts; for example, the comparison of Wall Street with Tobacco Road. But assuming the scrubby, half-barren region of the fictional Tobacco Road to be the factual, the retort still is no more worthy than a comparison juxtaposing a Southern cotton-mill owner with a Bowery drunkard. The ever-present statistics on education may be hurled at me. But, imperturbable, I say that very few persons anywhere are really educated. Moreover, illiteracy, the despicable, may be synonymous with crudeness and naïveté, but it is not necessarily synonymous with anything worse. Again, it is hardly questionable that half-lettered and badly lettered elements are more vicious than the illiterate.

It is a response in the nature of divinity when cultured individuals react in horror to depravity brought to light through the story book. But when these cultured individuals, largely through the antics of the critic's interpolation, attribute to, say, a large portion of the Georgia back-country the personality of a listless, shiftless, brainless pervert who leads the *dramatis personae* in a best seller, well . . . .

I recall a certain capable critic of drama for a New York magazine, a lady whose name suggests an ancestry historical in the settlement of New York State, who month after month refers with outraged sensibilities to the portrayal of the unholy backwoods of Georgia in a certain theatre character. The play was adapted after a popular novel. It is well that this critic's sensibilities are outraged, for she is observing "stark realism," fictional fact, stored action that none the less is historical. But with how much broader accuracy would her sympathy swathe its unction if she would utter instead: "O backwoods of humanity!" I have no intention of playing a craven game of hide-and-seek. What is, let it be seen uncovered in all its desperate truth. But is it not a ludicrous presumption to accentuate Georgia's shame for a disgrace that has the dimensions of a continent?

At this point it may be well to look into realism, the literary realism. I rather think the term has been so manipulated it conforms to the pithy definition: the low end of reality. Actually, the groveling of a degenerate is no more real than the aspiring of a philosopher. Humanity is a universal polygon; therefore, it cannot be accepted as logical to identify any particular side of it to fit any particular place. I recognize that custom may cause humanity to seem a varying thing when races on opposite sides of the globe, never in association, are considered. But that is another matter. I am a Georgian. But you must not accuse me of defending Georgians because I am one of them. I am a Georgian with neither pride nor shame. Now the fact that the blind act of birth placed me at such-and-such a longitude and latitude causes me to differ in some deep essentials perhaps from another individual who happened to be born in, say, Tibet; but it causes me to differ from persons in Pennsylvania and Idaho only in some inconsiderable (though possibly amusing) superficialities. If you accuse me of having a Southern drawl I must smile and wonder. If you accuse me of having Southern hospitality I must laugh and say you have an equivalent Northern, Eastern, Western, hospitality.

I have as little patience with the critical glorifiers of the South as with its critical vilifiers.

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We have in the South a mixture of the good with the bad. The admirable Colonel is not exclusively a possession of the South. I remember that when I was just eighteen, a silly boy who suddenly volunteered in emotional ignorance to make the world safe for something, I spent some time in New York City en route to France. With a party of three or four of my friends, silly like myself, I spent a day seeing the sights. An incident impressed me greatly. We were on the point of entering a sightseeing bus to make the trip to Chinatown. The barker's inducements were hardly to be resisted. Just as we were about to start, a stranger out of the crowd plucked my sleeve. He told me, or us, that we should not spend our money on such rot; that there were many better things to be seen for nothing. And he directed us with a tongue that sounded like a rasp across a guitar string. He was a twanging New Yorker. In those days I believed, I confess, that kind treatment to strangers was a peculiarity of the South. The same day in New York we got terribly confused on the L. A Yankee gentleman put himself to the inconvenience of getting off the right train to escort us off the wrong one. These events were edifying.

The squalor of realism is more in evidence (if one but look) within a ten-mile radius of a great city's center than within a fifty-mile radius of a back-country road. The reason is twofold: the denser population counts the greater number of various types; the consequent congestion is a degenerating influence. But none of this has anything to do with North and South.

To turn to a less serious particular: In a very recent novel of the South, the author expatiates upon the large, great-columned house so spotlessly clean in front and so grimily filthy toward the kitchen. He was consciously guilty of a harmless anachronism, for such a house, as a type, is of the deep past. There is a fascinating, lazy romance about it that tempts the writer. But will the critics forget that the new South has built bungalows with rooms no broader than an arm-stretch, with chopsticks for columns, and with tiled kitchens equipped with all modern appliances?

Early this summer I rambled afoot up the Savannah River, above Augusta, on the Carolina side. About five miles up, at the rapids, the yellow waters tumble over great rocks and shoot out into quick fans of spray, whitened in the sun. One stands on the rocky bank quite unnerved by the heavy rumble, the terrible confusion almost under his feet. He looks across to a small and very green island covered with tossing willows. Behind him, almost upon him, is a rocky cliff some fifty feet high, green with moss and with leafy small growth that incredibly finds a hold for its roots. Above, and beyond, where the level of the land falls back to the river, is a jungle of cedar, cypress, pine, sweet gum, oak, hickory, willow, pristine and luxuriant. One would not expect to find a city five miles away. I was on that magnificent scene this summer; and on returning I mused along, half-circling a small, round hill known as Indian Mound. On the homeward side I came to a meadow. A boy, perhaps fourteen, was just coming out for his father's cows. It was not long to sunset. The boy greeted me with politeness and went on about his bucolic affairs. Poor South! Poor indiscriminate boundaries! I wondered how the critics would respond beholding this obverse side, this Southern backwoods scene and episode.

THE PIED PIPER OF LIMA

By REGINALD M. COFFEY

IT IS a recognized fact that the conversion to the Catholic Church of the American Negro is a hope that is very close to the apostolic heart of Pius XI, the great "Pope of the Missions." This special interest of the Pope has been an important factor in promoting the cause of canonization of one of that race, Blessed Martin de Porres, member of the Order of Preachers. If the life of Blessed Martin, when submitted to the searching glare of the light of truth, be found to possess those heroic qualities necessary for formal sanctification, a new and unique figure will be elevated to the altars of the Church.

The life of Martin de Porres is one of extreme interest, for it shows clearly that heredity and environment are no barriers to the grace of God. He was born December 9, 1569, at Lima, the same city that produced Saint Rose, the New World's first flower of sanctity. Unlike many saints, the second lessons of his feast (celebrated by the Order of Preachers) do not begin: "Ortum habuit ex nobilibus ac piis parentibus," for his parents, although one of them was noble, certainly were not pious. He was the son of Don Juan de Porres, a Knight of the Spanish Order of Alcantara, and Anna Velasquez, a Negress of Panama. It is very probable that Don Juan and Anna were not married. Martin's biographers are of the opinion that they would have been married if fortune had smiled on Anna and made her son white. She had already born the Don a white daughter and she awaited Martin's birth in the highest hopes, thinking that a son who showed no or little trace of Negro origin would induce the knight to recognize her and give her place as wife and mother among the high-born de Porres. But as happens so often in the mixing of the races, the boy gave no evidence of his white blood. Don Juan was mortified. He renounced both the child and its mother and went his way.

Anna's social ambitions frustrated and her hopes blasted, the burden of her bitterness fell on her little black boy, the cause of her downfall. Martin would have been very miserable had it been humanly possible to make him so, but it would seem from a study of his biography that it was not within the power of man to make him unhappy.

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When he was eight, his father, who, it seems, was not entirely a monster, brought him to Santiago de Guayaquil and sent him to school there. He left school when he was about fifteen and returned to Lima to become a barber's assistant. Because in those days the barber was also the leech or doctor of the neighborhood, Martin thought that he could best serve suffering humanity by pursuing that trade, which was designed to alleviate the ills of the body. He practised his profession until he was twenty-two, when he joined the Third Order of St. Dominic and offered himself for service at the Dominican Priory of the Most Holy Rosary. Don Juan and, at his instigation, the Prior of the convent, Francis de Vega, tried to persuade the young Negro to enter the order as a student for the priesthood or as a lay Brother. Martin refused. Like Catherine of Sienna and Rose of Lima, he was too humble to allow himself to assume the dignity of a professed religious. He entered as a Tertiary, but many years later he was constrained by the absolute command of his Superior to become a lay Brother.

Martin's entrance into the Third Order of St. Dominic marks the turning point of his life. Heretofore he had been a righteous man who had trod the narrow way of Christian virtue. Henceforth he would be a saint and walk the tight-rope of perfection. In this humble Negro the spirit of God's athlete, Dominic, lived again. Martin's love of God, like that of his order's holy founder, impelled him to severe bodily mortification. His diet was simple and sparse, consisting mainly of yucca root and water. Imitating Saint Dominic, he scourged himself to blood three times each night in honor of the Passion of Our Lord. He chastised his body, according to the injunction of Saint Paul, so as to keep it in subjection, lest, while seeking to save the souls of others, he himself should become a castaway.

In Martin's external appearance there was nothing of the mystic, emaciated and wan, as the artists picture him. He was, at this period of his life, a magnificent physical specimen, about five feet seven inches in height, thickset of build, and had the strength of a stevedore. He had the proverbial light-heartedness of the Negro. His ready, full-mouthed smile revealed a row of strong, even teeth that flashed with ivory whiteness against the background of his dusky face.

His duties at the convent were arduous and varied. He was infirmarian, excitator and general factotum. He took upon himself all the more distasteful labors, thinking that no work that he did for God could possibly degrade him. In his care of the poor he truly merited the title, "Father of the Poor," since he begged for and supported 160 clients daily by his own efforts. His great love for God in His creatures he lavished not only on men but on animals. He talked to them as he would to a child. One day he found a dog wounded in a fight and caressed it, saying, "You have been trying to show off. Now see what you got for it." He then took the almost lifeless cur home and by a miracle or by his art or by a combination of both cured him completely and sent him away with, "Now go home and behave yourself." His love extended not only to lovable animals like dogs, but also to mean creatures such as rats. When the convent became infested with rats, and the order went out that all the rats were to be destroyed, Martin called one of the rats to him and said to it, "Little brother rat, there is no more safety for you here. Go, call your companions and take them to the hut at the bottom of the garden. I will take care of you." The rat did as he was told, and before the saucer eyes of the awe-struck friars the convent rats marched in a body to their rendezvous with Martin. He cared for the destitute and homeless rats as faithfully as he cared for his sick and poor.

All the saints are of the same mold in the sense that all are informed by charity, which directs every conscious moment of their existence. There are among them, however, rugged individualists who develop one particular virtue, the pursuit and acquisition of which singles them out from the rest. Thus we have a Dominic, full of fiery zeal for the preservation of the faith, a Francis Xavier, consumed with holy ambition for its spread, a Francis of Assisi, obsessed by a passion for poverty. Martin's chief subsidiary virtue was humility. It was the keynote of his life. Thus he kissed the feet of those who reviled him, not because he feared the consequence of their anger, but in homage to the Holy Ghost Who dwelt within them, and he kissed the hands of priests, not to insinuate himself into their good graces, but because of his deep reverence for those hands that could reach to heaven and bear back to this world the Body of Christ. He once begged the Prior to sell him into slavery so that the priory land would not have to be sold to meet some outstanding debts: "Don't sell the land, Father Prior, sell me. I am the convent's property and nearly useless." But he was not sold into slavery. For the length of his days he knew no yoke but the yoke of Christ.

The old infirmarian became a patient for the first and last time during the last days of October, 1639. Ever since he had come to the convent he had slept on the floor or on the bier for the dead, but now the Superior insisted that he use the bed. The old Negro knew that his time was come and he asked for the last sacraments. He was in terrible agony until he had received the sacraments; then the pain abated. But his fight was not over, his race was not run, and the athlete of Christ was forced to battle all the way to the end. He had thrown Satan often during his life and the great adversary attacked the dying gladiator with all his strength. Martin grasped the crucifix with his great hand and clung to it for eternal life. Once again he conquered, for just before the end all conflict ceased and he was left in great peace. The brethren, gathered around his bed, sang the "Salve Regina," the Dominican death hymn, the order's official letter of recommendation of a departing son to its advocate in the world beyond. When the antiphon was completed, the "Credo," the dying friar's recapitulation of the platform of his life's campaign, was begun. And while the praying brethren were reciting that wonderful, almost incomprehensible phrase that contains the whole sum of Christian truth, "Et homo factus est," the soul of Martin de Porres withdrew from among them and passed all unseen to its native land.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The death of Cardinal La Fontaine has reduced the Sacred College of Cardinals to forty-nine members, the lowest figure for many years. * * * The 1935 annuary of the Missionary Medical Institute of Wuerzburg, Germany, contains among others articles on tropical hygiene, the hospital at Umlamli, South Africa, medical mission work in China, sanitary conditions in British Bechuanaland and medical service among the Negroes of Natal. The Summer Course in Tropical Medicine for Catholic Missionaries at University College, Dublin, was attended by seventy-two missionaries from twelve religious institutes. * * * The celebration of the golden sacerdotal jubilee Mass of the Most Reverend Thomas F. Lillis, Bishop of Kansas City, will take place September 12 in the Kansas City Convention Hall; sixty members of the hierarchy are expected to be present. * * * On the wooded shores of Lynn Canal near Juneau, Alaska, a shrine and a retreat house, dedicated to Saint Teresa, "The Little Flower," Patroness of Alaska, is being constructed as a permanent memorial to the work of Bishop Crimont, Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, who celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the Jesuit order last month. * * * Twelve members of the hierarchy in England, Scotland and Wales have signed "An Appeal to the Nations" issued by the Christian Protest Movement, a non-sectarian and non-political organization which is seeking to obtain from "all governments within the comity of nations . . . the fullest measure of racial and religious freedom" for all individuals. * * * In the September number of *Catholic Action,* Monsignor John A. Ryan commends in general, from the viewpoint of social justice, the following enactments of the Seventy-fourth Congress: the Work Relief Act, the Social Security Act, the Labor Disputes Act, the Tax Law, the Holding Company Act, A.A.A. Amendments, the Guffey Coal Bill and the new Banking Act. * * * Some 300 delegates from the East and the Middle West attended the eleventh annual convention of the Federated Colored Catholics at Washington, D. C., August 31 to September 2. * * * A line of boats five miles long made up the cortège of the late Bishop of Changanacherry, South India, whose remains were recently transferred from Rome to be interred in the diocesan cathedral.

The Nation.—A tropical hurricane struck the vicinity of the Florida Keys and the west coast of Florida, taking a toll of some 200 lives and many injuries. * * * The Army Corps of Engineers was allotted $5,000,000 to begin work on a sea-level canal across the northern part of the Florida peninsula. This canal will provide a shorter and safer route for ocean-going vessels and save from one to two and a half days between eastern seaboard and Gulf ports and an estimated $7,500,000 annually in transportation costs. * * * The Guffey-Snyder Coal Bill was signed by the President and the threatened strike in the bituminous coal fields was to be called off to allow the establishment of a kind of separate NRA for the soft coal industry. * * * The President also signed the bills for new taxes on wealth, the neutrality resolution, a bill strengthening the Tennessee Valley Act, and the Rivers and Harbors Acts authorizing construction of the Parker Dam across the Colorado River, 145 miles below Boulder Dam, and construction of the Grand Coulee Dam across the Columbia River in Washington. He vetoed seven minor bills, the majority of which were concerned with special bonuses to war veterans. * * * Mr. Bainbridge Colby, former Democratic Secretary of State, and Mr William Randolph Hearst urged the formation of a "Jeffersonian" Democratic third party with former Governor Alfred E. Smith as leader. * * * Sir Malcolm Campbell of England raced his six-ton Bluebird automobile over the Bonneville salt flats of Utah for a world's record of 301 miles per hour. * * * The United States Shipping Board Bureau announced that eastbound transatlantic passenger business this summer has been the largest since 1929. In May, June and July, 130,000 travelers were transported to Europe. Up to September 1, only 56,000 had returned and facilities were being taxed to the limit by persons seeking to return. * * * Senator Long's filibuster of the Third Deficiency Bill has caused postponement of disbursements under the Social Security measure until Congress meets again in January. Administration leaders in the Senate proposed outlawing one-man filibusters.

The Wide World.—New complications were added to the tangle of Italo-Ethiopian relations when, on August 29, Emperor Haile Selassie deeded 150,000 square miles of territory to an Anglo-American syndicate, under the proviso that the oil and mineral resources of the region were to be exploited. Francis M. Rickett, a British promoter, declared that an initial investment of $6,000,000 would be used to finance the building of roads, radio stations and pipe-lines. It was estimated that the revenues accruing to the Ethiopian government would soon be tremendous. Statements were likewise issued to the effect that a corporation to control Lake Tana, source of the "Blue Nile," might be formed later on. Rickett was quoted as saying that there was "plenty of room for Italy" in Ethiopia, if Mussolini would abandon his war plans and settle down to handle the problem in a business way. Rome, however, replied that nothing could alter Il Duce's intentions. Meanwhile the British were genuinely alarmed. His Majesty's government advised Emperor Haile Selassie to withhold confirmation of the concession, on the ground that it violated a tripartite treaty signed in 1906 by Italy, France and Great Britain. They also greatly feared that French resentment of the deal might preclude any effective action by the League of Nations, and indicated surprise at the willingness of

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American capitalists to embark on such a venture. The identity of these capitalists was for a time unknown. Officers of the Standard Oil Company denied all knowledge of any "entanglement." Emperor Haile Selassie refused to budge. "As to the agreement already signed and delivered," he said, "I do not see how it can be recalled, if such a thing is suggested by the British government." He added prayers for peace, and expressed the hope that war might be averted. On September 3, Secretary of State Cordell Hull persuaded officials of Socony-Vacuum, who were the American participants in the compact, to withdraw from it. But the Council of the League met on September 4 in a spirt of pessimism. Leading diplomats professed to have no knowledge of what was likely to happen. Italian maneuvers on a grand scale and the presence of British ships in the Mediterranean added greatly to the general feeling of tension. * * * Queen Astrid, of Belgium, was killed in an automobile accident which occurred in Switzerland, as the King was driving along a road near Lake Lucerne. Demonstrations of sorrow were spontaneous as the Belgian people received the news of the second royal tragedy within two years. Throughout the world, the incident was used to support the contention of civic leaders that traffic casualties must be checked. * * * President Cardenas delivered a message to the Mexican Congress in which he advocated equal suffrage for women, referred casually to the religious question, and stated that Mexico could meet its foreign obligations only when the national credit had been put on a firm basis.

* * * *

Pius XI Speaks on Ethiopia.—The following excerpt is from a N.C.W.C. News Service report of the Holy Father's address to delegates of the Catholic Nurses' Associations, August 27: "Though war makes us tremble, we already see that abroad they speak of conquest and an offensive war. This is a hypothesis whereon we wish not to dwell. War of pure conquest would be unjust, an indescribably sad and horrible war. We cannot think of an unjust war and deliberately dismiss this thought. On the other hand, in Italy it is said to be a just war because it is a war of defense to insure frontiers against continuous, incessant dangers, and a war become necessary to care for the expansion of a population that is always increasing. However, it is true that, if this need for expansion exists and there is also necessity to insure frontiers, we cannot but hope that it will be possible to arrive at a solution of every difficulty by other means than war. It is not easy to say how, but we believe that it is possible. There is need to study this possibility. It seems to us beyond doubt that, if the necessity for expansion is a fact which must be taken into consideration, the right of defense has limits and confines which must be observed so that the defense will not be a guilty one. In any case we pray that God will second the activity and industry of those far-seeing men who understand the exigencies of the real happiness of the people and of social justice—those men who do everything possible, not by means of threats, which cannot but aggravate the situation by irritating spirits; not by temporizing, through which precious time is lost, but with truly humane intention and by the utmost exertion of efforts advance the work of pacification with the aim of preventing war. We pray that God will bless this activity. . . ."

Religion in Germany.—The Church situation was not easier as another week of Hitler rule passed. On September 1, the pastoral letter issued by the bishops at the close of their meetings at Fulda was read in all the churches (see editorial comment). It bore the signatures of twenty-six members of the hierarchy. The text was taken from St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians and reads: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, do manfully, and be strengthened." The fact that the letter could be read without interference from government authorities seemed to indicate that strong efforts had been made to check the anti-clerical ardor of leading ultra-patriots. At least equally impressive was the failure of Hans Kerrl, who is the official government representative in ecclesiastical disputes, to carry out a promise to suppress the Lutheran opposition. This is the second time that decisive action on the matter has been postponed. On the first occasion, Herr Kerrl was suddenly in need of a holiday; this time he may have been suffering from a toothache. Meanwhile the Jews also scored. Herr Emil Koppen was reinstated in the Reichsbank by Dr. Schacht, who demanded that the Jewish financial authority be given back the 'honor" taken from him during 1934, when Dr. Goebbels accused him of tyrannizing over apartment-house tenants who were behind with the rent. At the time most observers believed that the tyranny charges had been trumped up in order to bring about Koppen's downfall and the appointment of a Nazi favorite. Dr. Schacht's action constitutes an open defiance of the Propaganda Office; and, following his speech at Koenigsberg, in which extremists were severely castigated, it seems to indicate that Schacht has the support of the Reichswehr and is for the time being the strongest man in Germany.

The Williamstown Conference.—The National Conference of Jews and Christians conducted a revamped "Institute of Human Relations" at Williamstown, Massachusetts, during the week following August 25. A large crowd attended, not all of whom seemed able to distinguish between the "Institute" of the past and that of the present. What can be learned from group problems in Mexico, Germany, Canada and the United States formed the discussion material of the most exciting sessions. In so far as the debate affected Catholic interests, it is dealt with editorially in this issue. There was little or no manifest agreement about any given situation, and no resolutions were adopted, since the meetings were designed to promote scientific inquiry rather than practical action. In addition, well-attended lecture courses dealt with important aspects of history, sociology, psychology and anthropology; and many round tables encouraged discussion of such focal points of inter-group relations as the press, the college campus and educational processes.

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Important addresses by such men as the Honorable Newton D. Baker, Governor Herbert Lehman, President Tyler Dennett and Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes summarized important problems of general policy. Not everything was bathed in courtesy and tranquillity, but those in attendance seemed bent on trying again as the week's sessions closed. The Catholic part in the discussion of Mexico was taken by the Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., Michael Williams and William Franklin Sands. On Germany the Catholic speaker was George N. Shuster; on Canada, Henry Somerville. In the discussions of education, the Church was represented by the Reverend T. Lawrason Riggs, the Reverend Michael J. Ahern, S.J., and Monsignor Peter Guilday.

The Jugoslavian Concordat. — Concordats are, as everyone knows, agreements not unaffected by willingness to live up to promises. Nevertheless they are genuine indications of a desire to allay strife, as witness the agreement recently signed between Jugoslavia and the Holy See. The position of the Church in this country had long been unusually bad, especially because the attitude of the orthodox Serbs to the Catholic Croats and Slovenes was uncompromisingly hostile. Under King Alexander, political oppression took a heavy toll; and when after the assassination of that monarch the Jeftitsch Cabinet adhered to the same policy, deeds of brutality and violence comparable to those reported from Mexico and Germany were frequent occurrences. At Kravarski troops fired on a congregation leaving church after Sunday Mass, and a number of peasants were slain. Thereupon the aged Archbishop of Agram went to Belgrade and delivered a flaming protest. "I can no longer remain silent," he said, "when this or that organ of the government resorts to unparalleled brutalities in the name of the highest temporal authority." Jeftitsch thereupon announced that he would arrest a hundred leaders of the opposition. But before this plan could be carried out, the Cabinet fell and was replaced by the Stojadinovitsch government which, in accordance with the wishes of the Prince Regent, sponsored a conciliatory policy. Slovene and Croat groups were both represented in the new Cabinet, which announced that it desired the support of "all constructive elements." One result was the prompt signing of the Concordat, which had long been under discussion. It is reported that Rome has gone far toward meeting the desires of the Jugoslavian government, and that the use of vernacular liturgies will also be conserved in the future. The Croats, however, are still living up to a policy of watchful waiting. Through Matschek and other leaders, who were recently honored by a vast convocation of their followers, they have voiced a determination to judge the government by what it does rather than by what it says.

For Labor.—At the Labor Day celebration at Canton, Ohio, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, outlined the objectives and hopes of his organization. "The mind of labor is centered upon the solution of the nation's unemployment problem," he said. "Labor proposed a remedy for unemployment which, while opposed by some employers, is being more widely accepted by all classes of people. We hold that the permanent solution of our unemployment problem can be brought about only through a reduction in the hours worked per day and per week so that the amount of work available may be more widely distributed, and through the development of mass purchasing power so that the consuming ability of the nation may more nearly correspond with its facilities of production. . . . Our country must choose between the maintenance of a permanent army of unemployed, dependent for relief upon our government, or the creation of work opportunities, through an adjustment of working time, so that self-respecting working men and women may earn a living for themselves and their families. . . . Now the economic horizon is becoming brighter. We can enter into the spirit of Labor Day this year firm in the belief that better days are at hand; that even though slowly yet surely we are moving toward the realization of a better economic and social order, increasing and enlarging work opportunities and improved conditions of employment. The basis for this better social and economic order has been laid. Fictitious values are being liquidated, speculation is being ended and the nation is becoming social-minded."

Less Noise.—In Los Angeles and New York, movements are afoot for urban quiet. In Los Angeles, a group of sixty persons complained because a loud speaker—that is, a human loud speaker, to begin with, plus an electrical amplifier—could be heard within a radius of three blocks around a branch of Aimee Semple McPherson's church. The remedy suggested to these complainants was "to put cotton in their ears." New York, however, under the sponsorship of the Mayor, is to make a concerted effort to abate noise at the source. During October there is to be a drive for "noiseless nights." The police and other city departments will cooperate with civic organizations to prevent unnecessary noise. Following this concentration on the night, there will be a special effort made on the day time, and later the experience gained will be incorporated into a sustained program for the twenty-four hours. "Every person is entitled to have a certain amount of peace and quiet," said the Mayor. "There is no reason, for instance, for people to toot automobile horns in order to get friends to come to an apartment window. Radios can be controlled so that they are tuned in softly and heard only by their immediate listeners." A survey has been conducted in cities both in this country and abroad, and one indication, it is said, is that raucous automobile horns are no more effective than milder ones. Eventually a city ordinance will ban the use of solid tires on trucks and a special effort will be made to reduce the noise made by all municipal motor vehicles, such as those of the fire, police and sanitation departments. The Real Estate Board of New York is raising a special fund to aid the anti-noise campaign and a part of the money will be used to study and develop ways for overcoming the noise of pneumatic hammer riveting in the construction of steel buildings.

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Character Education.—The fifth International Congress on Family Education held in Brussels last month and attended by representatives of forty nations was devoted to the problem of character education. Father Gemelli, O. F. M., rector of the University of the Sacred Heart of Milan and author of the "Franciscan Message to the World," declared that since human character is not fixed nor immovable, education can give to it a definite direction. The true progress of civilization consists not in the multiplication of scientific discoveries, but in the development of the character of the individual. As a result of its deliberations the Congress made several specific recommendations. The idea that parents need an organization to accomplish their educative mission should be spread, and every available medium of information should be employed to make known to families the best educational methods. In order to prepare future parents for their mission as educators all teaching should be permeated with the family viewpoint, with work in practical application in the higher classes and greater research into the best methods of character education for children to be undertaken in the universities. Finally, social measures were recommended to bring about living conditions that would facilitate wholesome family life and to encourage consultations of parents and teachers; preventive measures were advocated so that parents would not have to act too late.

* * * *

Federal Employees.—A report by the Civil Service Commission gives a picture of the extent of the manpower in our federal bureaucracy with its center in Washington and of the proportions of various branches. An addition of 12,057 employees during July brought the total to 729,769. This figure excludes the legislative, judicial and military branches and the administration for the District of Columbia. The payroll for the month of July was $111,110,248, compared with $109,295,704 in June. Of the total number of workers, 104,498 were resident in the District of Columbia. The Post Office Department was the largest of the executive branches with 259,454 employees, of whom 3,567 were in the District of Columbia. Civilian workers for the War Department were next, numbering 66,722, with 3,938 in Washington. Department of Agriculture employees numbered 37,621, with 5,900 in Washington. The General Accounting office had a total of 6,907 workers. Of the New Deal establishments, the Tennessee Valley Authority led with a total on July 31 of 17,162. Next was the Resettlement Administration with 9,949 employees. This bureau, formed recently to take over rural resettlement and subsistence homesteads, had only 3,042 employees a month earlier. The A.A.A. had a total of 6,379, of whom 5,700 were in Washington. NRA, which is now devoting itself almost entirely to research, had a total of 4,208, which was only 445 less than on June 30. Of its workers on July 31, 3,083 were in Washington. The Federal Emergency Relief added 219 workers during July, bringing its total to 1,179, and the Securities and Exchange Commission 25, bringing its total to 721.

King Cotton.—Recent data on world production and consumption seems to indicate that the methods pursued by the A.A.A. to raise prices have resulted in the temporary if not permanent loss of a large portion of the foreign market for American cotton. This year, for instance, India is expected to have 2,000,000 more acres in cotton than the year before, Brazil is to produce the largest crop in its history, and China, encouraged by Japan and a tariff of $.02 a pound, is expected to show a considerably increased raw cotton production. It is said that about two-thirds of the 12,000,000 bales of cotton consumption abroad each year is in countries in which it is impossible to grow the fibrous plant; hence the producing countries have a huge market to contend for. Although foreign cotton consumption appears to have reached an all-time high during the 1934-1935 season, which ended July 31, American exports totaled only 4,797,000 bales, as compared with 7,534,000 bales the season before and an average of 8,513,000 bales for the five-year period which ended July 31, 1929. The conclusion is inescapable that curtailment of production in the United States has enabled other nations to expand their production and to supplant American cotton in the world market to a considerable degree. The recent reduction of loans to cotton-growers from the $.12 to $.10 a pound has reduced the American price in foreign marts, but so far foreign prices have kept pace. The New York *Times* reports that at Liverpool the price of Indian cotton has been reduced even further; it is now about $.03 a pound cheaper than American cotton. Increased domestic purchases have recently encouraged American cotton men.

Radio Advertising.—An analysis of seventy-nine radio programs between October, 1934, and May, 1935, and based on a total radio set ownership of 19,001,592 for the United States, shows that the average number of sets turned on between 7 and 10 p. m., the "favorable hours," was 4,546,318. The report noted a general tendency for "a few popular programs . . . to monopolize the radio audience at any given time." The number of listeners per program ranged from 179,300 to 3,760,400 and only nine of the programs studied reached an average of 2,000,000 listeners during the six-months period. Of the average cost per broadcast of $8,052 some 35.6 percent represented the cost of talent. The cost of the nine most popular programs was about $14,000 per broadcast, with the proportion for talent remaining about the same. Between 1929 and 1933 there were 635 advertisers who bought radio advertising and the newspapers have headlined the fact that last year 448 or 70.6 percent of these were no longer using this medium. On the other hand *Editor and Publisher* reports that the combined radio time sales of the National and Columbia broadcasting systems for this July were 25 percent greater than the total for July, 1934, and figures for the first six months of this year for national network, regional network, national non-network and local broadcast time sales show a gain of 17.9 percent over the total for the first six months of 1934. The increase in July "roughly parallels the upturn in newspaper linage."

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The Play and Screen

By GRENVILLE VERNON

The Crusades

"THE CRUSADES" is a true Cecil De Mille film, magnificent in its ptotography and in its management of crowds, and utterly, intolerably silly. It is the movies at once at their most gorgeous and their most preposterous. Mr. De Mille is living in the days of the silent screen, and he apparently hasn't the faintest conception that the screen has advanced beyond the early *nineteen-twenties*. Only in a forgoing of those blatant appeals to the Goddess Lubricity is there the slightest difference in his latest offering from those of the vintage of "The Sign of the Cross." This does not say that "The Crusades" is entirely innocent of vulgarity, for there is one scene which violates the canons of good taste, even though its protagonists do happen to wear wedding-rings. Mr. De Mille still believes that religion is spelled religiosity, and that love must be expressed in at least one bedroom episode. The leopard, despite purifying influences now at work, refuses to change his spots completely.

As for the truth of history and the laws of common sense, here is Mr. De Mille's story as told by his scenario writers, Harold Lamb, Dudley Nichols and Waldemar Young. Richard of the Lion Heart goes to the Crusades so that he won't have to marry the daughter of the King of France, a crusade inspired by Peter the Hermit. That Peter lived in reality a hundred years before makes no difference to Mr. De Mille. Richard marries Berengaria, because his army is starving in Provence, and her father offers him food in return for his daughter's hand. Berengaria follows Richard to the Holy Land, and offers herself to Saladin to save her husband's life. And Saladin proves to be a perfect gentleman and allows Berengaria to return to Richard and Richard's army to enter Jerusalem though without its arms.

This is the silly story, and it is indeed a pity that for its telling so vast an effort and waste of money has been expended. For what is laid out in its filming, half a dozen admirable films might have been made. Magnificent as are the battle scenes, and particularly those depicting the storming of Acre, the final effect is of an appalling lack of taste and common sense. Many admirable actors have been employed, though Henry Wilcoxson, who was brought from England to impersonate Richard, might well have been improved upon. He has neither the physical nor histrionic power needed to portray the English king. The best performance is that of Ian Keith as Saladin. This has both power and distinction. Excellent too are the Conrad of Montferrat of Joseph Schildkraut, the Philip of France of C. Henry Gordon, and the Hermit of C. Aubrey Smith. Miss Loretta Young plays Berengaria in true Hollywood *ingénue* style. Whether the fault is Miss Young's or her direction it would be difficult to say. Yes. "The Crusades" is a sad waste of good material. (At the Astor Theatre.)

Top Hat

IF YOU leave out the dancing of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and the comedy of Helen Broderick and Edward Everett Horton, "Top Hat" is pretty thin and at times pretty silly. But fortunately for its producers these artists are in the film and the result is that it has proved one of the most popular offerings this season at the Radio City Music Hall. It is evident that movie audiences demand neither truth nor even verisimilitude; they don't even insist on a coherent story. But they do like, and like hugely, dancing whether acrobatic or merely graceful, and as Mr. Astaire and Miss Rogers are both dancers of a high excellence, and Irving Berlin's music gives them an opportunity to show what they can do, very few in the huge audiences that attended appeared to be disappointed. Moreover, Mr. Astaire is a light comedian of considerable charm and Miss Rogers acts with gusto. Edward Everett Horton and Helen Broderick, especially Helen Broderick, are artists whose qualities are largely thrown away in this rather preposterous film, but they are in spite of this hugely amusing. It is a pity that a more plausible and interesting story should not have been evolved by whoever wrote this film. Its actors and Mr. Berlin's music deserve a better setting. (At the Radio City Music Hall.)

The Gilbert and Sullivan Season

DESPITE the appearance last season of the D'Oyly Carte singers in their full Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, the summer season of the same operas at the Adelphi Theatre, under the management of Lodowick Vroom, has proved surprisingly successful. To say that the company is the equal of that brought over from the Savoy would, of course, be ridiculous, yet there are several of the American artists who need not fear comparison, notably among these being William Danforth and Vera Ross. These artists know their business and the Gilbertian tradition. But it is a pity that at least among the male members of the company there are no newcomers. It looks almost at present as if they were to have no successors in America, and when they pass from the stage we shall have to turn to England for our Gilbertian operas. The D'Oyly Carte Company has succeeded in keeping up its standard because it has trained its artists, starting them in the chorus and when they show ability gradually giving them more and more important parts. If the Gilbertian tradition is not completely to vanish from America some such attempt will have to be made here and made quickly. Mr. Danforth, Mr. Waterous and Mr. Moulan are no longer young, and there is not a single artist on the horizon who seems able to step into their shoes. It isn't that youth lacks the ability, but it very patently lacks the training. And audiences are as ready now as ever for Gilbert and Sullivan.

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Communications

THE CHURCH ADVANCES

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor: In looking back over the convert statistics for the past decade, there is much to hearten those engaged in the work of winning souls for Christ. If due allowance is made for the seven or eight dioceses not making returns until this last year, it will be found that the aggregate for the decade is over 500,000 souls. That, surely, is no mean achievement. More heartening still is the steady annual progression, the number advancing by degrees from 34,576 in 1926 to 63,845 in 1935. Granted that the former figure was short by perhaps 8,000 or 9,000, there is still ample evidence that we are making over 20,000 more converts annually now than we were ten years ago. Our increase in the last year alone was in the neighborhood of 4,000 (not 14,000 as widely reported). Clearly, the movement toward the Church is gaining momentum.

Yet, encouraging as are these features of our record, one having truly at heart the realization of Christ's desire for "one fold and one shepherd" is conscious of inadequacy in the annual influx of converts. At the present rate of conversion, not only will America never become Catholic, but it is even doubtful if it will remain as Catholic as it now is. Bishop Noll has voiced the opinion that our annual defections from the Church exceed the number of converts. The hope for increasing our proportion of the population would, therefore, depend solely on our greater natural increase. If we compare our 64,000 converts for the year with the total non-Catholic population of about 108,000,000, we shall see how unsatisfactory are even our latest results. This would mean that in the last year only one non-Catholic in every 1,700 was brought into the Church. "What," one is tempted to exclaim, "are these among so many?"

Hardly better will our record appear if we compare it with the annual natural increase in the non-Catholic population. According to a computation by Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, our total gain in population in the year 1930 was 1,100,000. The Catholic percentage of the United States population (if we accept the figure of the "Directory") is almost exactly 6 percent. If we take into consideration that our population figure in the "Directory" is probably below the actual number by several millions (there are those who think it should be between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000), and that our birth-rate is almost certainly somewhat higher than that of the non-Catholic elements, Catholics would be responsible for perhaps one-fourth of this increase, or about 275,000. Hence, while the non-Catholic population is increasing annually by 825,000, we are bringing into the Church only 64,000, or one in every thirteen of that increase.

After such reflections, one can hardly refrain from asking: Is this the best that we can do? Taking into consideration the number of priests that ought to be engaged in the work (30,250), we arrive at the low average of two to every priest in the country. Even if we deduct from this the number of priests engaged in some special work like teaching and those who are incapacitated or on sick leave, the very best average that we can hope to strike is three converts to every priest employed in the ministry of saving souls. Who will care to maintain that this is a creditable record?

Again, let us view the results with reference to the number of Catholics in the land, for the layman, too, has an obligation toward his non-Catholci brethren. So considered, the result must appear in a worse light still. If there are in the country 20,523,053 Catholics, as reported by the latest "Directory," 64,000 converts in the year would give an average of only one to every 320 Catholics. If, moreover, we accept, as is highly probable, that there are between 5,000,000 and 10,000,000 more Catholics than are set down in the official statistics, that average would be still farther reduced.

View the subject as we will, we are bound to admit that even this year's record, encouraging as it is because of the decided increase, is nothing to wax boastful about. Rather should it lead us to ask why, with such splendid opportunities for gaining converts all about us, we have not done much better. For there can be but little doubt that were Catholics as a body, priest and layman alike, fully alive to the situation as it exists here and now, we should soon be reckoning our annual conquest of souls by the hundreds of thousands instead of by the tens of thousands. Many that are in a position to read accurately the signs of the times tell us that never before in this country were conditions so favorable to the spread of the Catholic faith as they are now. With Christ they seem to say, "Lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest." Thus, to quote only one such testimony, Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati said in a pastoral letter on this subject several years ago: "Now the time is ripe. We never had a better opportunity than we have today."

Why, then, is the harvest of souls in the missionary fields of our country not greater? The principal factor in conversion is and always will be the grace of God. Paul may plant and Apollo water, but it is God that giveth the increase. But while this factor rests in the hands of God, it must not be forgotten that we have our part also in this necessary work. It has pleased God to use human instruments in the furtherance of His quest for souls and in the bestowal of His graces, and this is a factor that we can and should investigate. If the instrument is not all that it should be, and especially if it be an instrument that does not lend itself willingly to the shaping hands of the Great Architect, the progress of the kingdom that He seeks to build among men is bound to be hampered.

A prominent archbishop of the West, in casting about for the cause of the fewness of our converts, said not many years since: "We are not making many converts in America; we are not doing so well as they are in England and Scotland. We have not enough contacts with non-Catholics." Undoubtedly, this lack of contact

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with our non-Catholic brethren is one of the chief causes why we are not bringing more of them into the Church. We are content to live our lives as separatists, grateful indeed that the laws of the land permit us the free exercise of our holy religion, but too often unmindful that so great a gift as that of the true faith brings with it the duty, too, of making it known to others. "Freely have you received, freely give!" was Christ's command to His disciples. And His last commission to His Apostles (and to us) was this: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." "When," someone has asked, "did He place restrictions on that command and limit it to Catholics?"

Many years ago, in "The Ambassador of Christ," Cardinal Gibbons scored the attitude of priests who consider themselves "sent only to the lost sheep of the House of Israel." That the attitude is not entirely one of the past appears from a very recent episcopal address to the students of one of our major seminaries. Until priests generally come to realize that they have very definite duties to the non-Catholics residing within the limits of their parishes, the conversion of America will be delayed to a far-distant future. "Whoever," says the Holy Father in "Rerum Ecclesiae," "by divine commission, takes the place on earth of Jesus Christ, the Chief Shepherd, far from being able to rest content with simply guarding and protecting the Lord's flock, which has been confided to him to rule, will, on the contrary, fail in his especial duty and obligation, unless he strives, with might and main, to win over and to join to Christ all those who are still without the fold."

The laity, too, as has frequently been pointed out, has its part to play in the evangelization of our native land, as it had in the winning to Christianity of the pagan world in the first centuries after Christ. Here, likewise, as Bishop Noll said not long ago, there is found a great deal of apathy. Catholic laymen, said he, "are content to bring one or two converts into the Church in the course of a lifetime. Many do even less than that." As long ago as 1883, the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore proclaimed:

"The duties of a Christian begin with his own household and his own parish; but they do not end there. The charity and zeal in his heart must be like that in the heart of Christ, Who 'died for all men, and gave Himself a redemption for all.' The Divine commission to the Church stands forever: 'Go, teach all nations; preach the Gospel to every creature'; and everyone who desires the salvation of souls should yearn for its fulfilment, and consider it a privilege to take part in its realization. The more we appreciate the gift of faith, the more must we long to have it imparted to others. . . . The missionary spirit is one of the glories of the Church and one of the chief characteristics of Christian zeal."

These are words so beautiful and true that every Catholic man and woman should take them to heart. Nor should we forget the glowing words which Cardinal Bonzano, acting as Legate for the Holy Father, spoke to the faithful assembled at the International Eucharistic Congress in Chicago:

"These souls (i. e., non-Catholic Christians) that belong to Christ through belief in Him, through their eagerness to hear His voice and to do His will, through their cleanness of heart and their charity abounding in good works, these too must be brought together in His Church and nourished with the Bread of Life, that so in reality and not in name only there may be 'one Lord, one faith, and one baptism.' Then shall the reproach of division be taken away from the Christian name, and from those who glory in it, the evil of discord; then also with a single purpose of mutual support inspiring its members shall a united Christendom, under the Standard of Christ the King, go forth to universal conquest and the spreading of His kingdom to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Rev. Peter J. Bernarding.

DEATH SITS AT THE WHEEL

Quincy, Mass.

TO the Editor: Your editorial of August 30, "Death Sits at the Wheel," interested me much, and puts the matter of automobile injuries and fatalities in a different and better light than we may expect of the secular papers. I have been much interested in this subject for some years, and I regret to say that most writers on the subject pussyfoot considerably when it comes to stating definitely what is causing so many of the tragedies on the road today. There is no hesitancy in saying that speed—reckless speed—is a prime cause; there is hesitancy and even complete silence as to accusing intoxicating liquors of playing a prime part. But we ought to face, admit and correct the fact that liquor is hugely responsible. Also, we ought to admit that the state is largely responsible for the liability of liquor.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for example, licenses motorists to drive automobiles. It also licenses liquor dealers to sell intoxicating beverages. A motorist cannot drive a mile in this Commonwealth without being assailed by invitations over the radio in his car, on billboards on the highway, by signs in diners and saloons, by any newspaper or magazine he may be able to read. The Commonwealth permits these appeals; the Commonwealth permits him to answer them by stopping at any roadhouse or saloon and imbibing. One drink—and, according to science, he has become a potential killer while driving. If he has an accident, the Commonwealth punishes him for doing what, after all, it encouraged him and aided others to help him to do. Last week in Massachusetts the highest number of licenses ever revoked for the cause were taken from drinking drivers and a large number of drivers were convicted in court for drunken driving. The State Registrar of Motor Vehicles recently declared, "If you stop them [persons driving cars at abnormal speed] you will doubtless find they have been drinking liquor. We seem to have struck an orgy of drunken, speeding driving, not only here in Massachusetts, but all over the United States. Our highways have taken on the appearance of battlefields."

Is it too much to admit that repeal has proved disastrous and is exacting too great a toll in crushed and maimed bodies, in deaths, in financial loss to multitudes?

H. J. Mainwaring.

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Books

What Is Psychiatry?

The Problem of Mental Disorder, by Madison Bentley and E. V. Cowdry. New York: McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. $4.00.

SOME years ago a psychologist and a cytologist were discussing with each other the problem of mental disorders and the unhappy state of psychiatry. It seemed to them that "the limitations in scientific training commonly found among professional psychiatrists" constituted a serious impediment to scientific progress in the field of mental disorders. And they felt that choice would soon have to be made between methods that rest upon "creed, cult and organized professionalism" and those that rest upon the methods of the natural sciences.

Accordingly a committee was organized and funds were obtained from the Carnegie Foundation that a group of men who were not psychiatrists might study the field of psychiatry and show psychiatrists how they might proceed in a scientific manner to solve the problems of the mental disorders. Professional psychiatrists were interviewed and asked to outline their point of view; various representatives of sciences which might be looked upon as basic to psychiatry were also requested to write short chapters which might prove suggestive to their more unfortunate colleagues in psychiatry who could not be supposed to have enjoyed a scientific training.

The result is not satisfactory. The scientists who were consulted, perhaps because of the limitations of space that were imposed, did not take their task seriously. Chapters which should have been heavily documented with citations of the literature mention only random studies. It might be concluded that some of the authors are really ignorant of the vast amount of work already done by men who have devoted their lives to psychiatric research. The chapters are so short and sketchy that it was impossible to make any of them a contribution to psychiatry. Stanley Cobb's phrase, "Let us realize that there is room for all good workers, and there is work aplenty" (page 119), represents the spirit of the book. It is an attempt to stimulate, not to contribute.

Had the psychologist and the cytologist tried to look into the causes of the inadequacy of psychiatry, their attention should have been directed first of all to the inadequacy of psychology. As general medicine needs a sound and broad basis in physiology, so psychiatry needs an adequate foundation in psychology. This foundation is lacking and cannot be supplied by research in neurocytology, electrical measurements in nerve and muscle, studies in the chemistry and metabolism of the brain, and the various so-called "basic" sciences of psychiatry, no matter how important these disciplines are in themselves. And so before the psychologist undertakes to give guidance and direction to the psychiatrist he should set his own house in order, transcend the narrow sensationalism of experimental psychology, profit by the pathology of the mind and develop a psychology adequate to the needs of daily life and the more complex problems of psychiatry.

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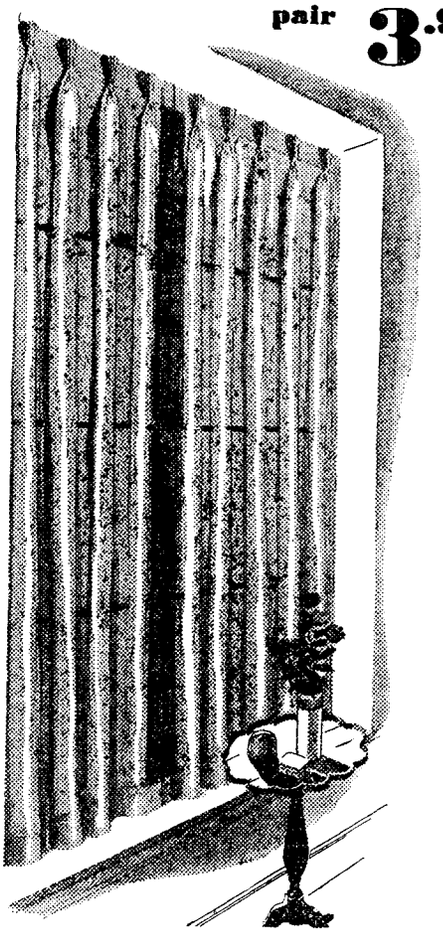

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Next Week

ETHIOPIA AND AFRICA, by Pierre Crabitès, a judge for the past twenty years on the International Courts of Egypt, gives realistic reasons for doubting that the conflict between Italy and Ethiopia will lead to a war between the white and the colored races. "Mussolini's rapacity has brought a new Richmond into the field," he writes, and explains that the subject peoples realize that if they, "in the first case, eject England, and in the second France, they will merely be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire." The supposed bond of color, he also finds, is not as strong as forces which divide the colored races, particularly the differences in faith. Altogether this is an extremely brilliant and timely article. . . . NOTES ON THE CRISIS, by Michael Williams, who has recently returned from a journey to the capitals of several of the leading European countries, etches vivid vignettes of the expectancy of radical changes in human society abroad. "All mankind is darkly traveling," he writes, "toward some far-different epoch of human life than that which reached its term in 1914-1918, and which has been painfully tinkered with, and partially shored-up, and held staggeringly together in England, France and America since then." Points of special stress in the western world are revealed. . . . THE HIERARCHY OF COTTON, by Clara Foote Adams, is a sympathetic account of the tangled problems of the landowners, the renters, the share croppers and the hired help in the Kingdom of Cotton. The writer sees them all as victims of a world that insists on cheap cotton and as they stand facing, without having yet entered, the Machine Age. . . . MISSIONS AS NATIONAL MONUMENTS, by J. Walter Coleman, is an informative article on the progress being made in securing the sites and ruins of early churches as national memorials of valiant pioneer efforts fully as pertinent to our civilization and as inspiring as battles.

It is to be regretted that the authors have taken the stand that psychiatry must choose between religion and science, between which in the last analysis there can be no conflict whatsoever. True religion is a sane and solidly grounded interpretation of life and is an indispensable aid in many trials when the service of all that cytology can offer would be utterly worthless. It is to be regretted that the general trend of the work is that all mental conditions are due ultimately to bodily causes (cf. page 283). No one with even a little clinical experience with mental disorders could ever have offered the chapter on general and experimental psychology as a suggestive guide to psychiatrists. Clinical psychiatry has come to realize that there are many mental conditions which cannot be treated as if they were physical disorders. Even the mental tests have little to offer when it comes to treating a problem of delinquency in normal children. Pharmacology and surgery, and all they include even in their broadest significance, have little to offer in the readjustment of the maladjusted child or in the patching up of marital difficulties. Whereas psychoanalysis has gone to foolish extremes in speaking of tuberculosis as a respiratory libido, the present work returns toward the pre-Freudian folly that all mental disease is brain disease.

It can scarcely be hoped that this work on "The Problem of Mental Disorder," with its sketchily written chapters, will have an influence on the character and progress of psychiatric research. Perhaps psychologists may read it and be ashamed of the present state of psychology, and so be stimulated to develop their own science that it may have something to offer as a foundation for psychiatry.

THOMAS VERNER MOORE.

A Plea for Peace

Jesus: Told by the Wandering Jew, by Edmond Fleg. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THIS book bristles with uncomfortable truths. There is acrid irony in Edmond Fleg's method of writing propaganda for world peace with the figure of Christianity's most unchristian legend, the Wandering Jew denied all peace, telling again the life of the Prince of Peace, and pausing often in his personal narrative to excoriate individuals and nations, while his timeless memory recounts the wars of the Christian era and explains the ugly tangle of contemporary international hypocrisy about armament as logical effects of the disregard of Christ's teaching, "Blessed are the peacemakers." In "The Wall of Weeping," a long poem published a few years ago, Edmond Fleg used the Wandering Jew to tell his ancient people a mystical dream of their past and future. There is no vapory mysticism in this straightforward prose narrative. As peacemakers the Jews are berated as failures; Christians, as traitors and hypocrites. Neither have the will to hold to a constant, courageous attitude against war.

The piled-up horrors in the book may bring a feeling of lipothymy even to readers whose sensibilities are sturdy. The climax with its shrill surprise, when the

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Delegate of God addressing the assembly of sleek-minded members of "the League of Nations at Geneva who do lip service to disarmament" meets his death swifter than crucifixion at the hands of Jews and Gentiles, is oppressive with pessimistic forebodings of the future.

In no portion of his narrative is the author a rationalist. His Wandering Jew is the paralytic to whom Jesus said, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." Early in the book the cured man denounces a roster of rationalists: "It was I who stooped, raised the litter and bore it away! I was walking! The power of Jesus was in every step I took. But your Monsieur Couchoud affirms that Jesus never existed! This same Jesus said to me—to me myself whom you see before you—'Arise!' And I arose. Yet your Arthur Drews, Bruno Bauers, Strausses and Robertsons have the audacity to tell me that He is a mere symbol, a legend, a fairy-story, a solar myth! They say this to me who could not walk, and who walked at a single word from Him."

Throughout the chapters a reverent effort to heighten the human interest of the Gospel narratives by the addition of apocryphal data fails. A methodical biography of Jesus is not a human possibility. The New Testament withstands all tamperings to improve it. Some readers may not agree with the author's picture of Judas, or accept the motives that explain his position; few will approve the account of Mary Magdalene in all its details; every Catholic reader will wish for a portrait of the Blessed Mother, more luminous, youthful, courageous—and more theological.

Confusion of thought appears in Chapter XX where the disciples, apparently misunderstanding Christ's words, "He that hath not, let him sell his coat, and buy a sword" (Luke, xxii, 36), become identified with the Zealots, and are said to have "two swords apiece." A footnote to indicate an indebtedness to Robert Eisler's "The Messiah Jesus" is not sufficient to explain the magic of two swords from one, in the clear sight of St. Luke's text. The author's hatred of war makes him lean backward to make a point, even against the belligerent disciples who may have been too eager for an earthly kingdom at the cost of bloodshed.

This powerfully sustained narrative ends on a note of eloquent yet paradoxical appeal to all Christians and Jews, repeated through the last chapter like a prophetic chant—"Blessed are they who died for peace, for they shall see God." Edmond Fleg's book deserves a larger circulation than it will have.

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

A Human Artist

The Art of Renoir, by Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $5.00.

THE PURPOSE of Dr. Barnes and Miss de Mazia is to trace by objective evidence the growth of Renoir as an artist. They do this by a detailed examination—with constant reference to the many fine illustrations in the book—of the painter's work from the begin-

EXCITEMENTS OF CONTEMPLATION

With our Fall List (the largest of our career) in the press, we steal a backward glance at two books of our early Summer. Each was, in its own way, a sensation. Yet sensations may be missed: and these two were in the field of Contemplation, a field not thronged in hot weather.

THE SPIRITUAL LETTERS OF DOM JOHN CHAPMAN ($3.00) is a book about prayer. We are publishers, not theologians, and can offer no expert judgment on the subject. We simply note that the book caused intense excitement and this apparently for two reasons: (1) the substance of Abbot Chapman's teaching on prayer was to many very attractive but *very* startling: (2) the letters were never meant for publication, and contain free-and-easy comments on other spiritual masters which strike rather a new note in the literature of contemplation. (There was one lengthy criticism in *The Month:* it led to a still longer reply: this reply, together with a gracious letter from the original critic accepting the reply, we published under the title ABBOT CHAPMAN ON PRAYER, 15c.)

Occasionally the endless file of Catholic philosophical books read only by Catholics is broken by one that the non-Catholic acclaims; and the Catholic critics usually look coldly upon it. Edward Watkin's A PHILOSOPHY OF FORM ($3.75) has received a magnificent welcome on both sides of the barrier. (It is still a barrier: ten years ago it was a barricade.) To non-Catholic philosophers, it comes as an amazing proof of the energy latent in Scholasticism. And even some who most loudly proclaim the existence of that energy were reassured to find such evidence of it! A PHILOSOPHY OF FORM is strong meat, not pre-digested. Still, four students of one of the most admirable of our Women's Colleges spent the summer on a houseboat with it for company: by comparison our own summer reading was less than middlebrow.

To glance forward again: write for our Fall List to

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ning to the end of his life. Their method is a good one for revealing what were the various periods of the artist's life, but not for telling us anything essential about them.

Renoir was born in 1841 in Limoges, the great pottery center of France. When he was thirteen he was apprenticed to a porcelain decorator of Paris, and he stayed at this job until he began to devote himself to painting five years later. By the early 'seventies he was producing work which unmistakably indicated that a new, important personality had appeared. His work was peculiarly happy—it showed his delight in family picnics, in children, in carnivals at night, in women, in nature, in all the simple, good phenomena of daily life. He continued to work well until the late 'seventies, when he began to experiment. This was followed by a year—1879—when he was almost stagnant. (Was this due to his marriage that year? The present book says nothing on this point.) The next few years were uncertain ones. His work at this time reflected exotic scenes in Italy, Algeria and elsewhere, but it was glaring and external. Gradually he emerged from this period of uncertainty. By the early nineteen-hundreds he was contributing his so-called "islands of light" to painting: canvases in which the light seems to swim and softly gather itself in places and caress the spectator. It showed itself in tones of pearl or rose. And it registered a profoundly sweet nature.

Now, Mr. Barnes and his colleague have presented the external phases of this development all right; but they have continually spoken as if a painter is made by others' pictures. Furthermore, whenever they are generalizing they assume an extreme dogmatism which is quite unlike the objectivity with which they presented their evidence. The main value of their book therefore is a technical one.

Renoir is not to be explained in terms of other painters, influences or, as he has said, "by imposing a lot of rigid formulaes and processes on the painter." He was a man with the experience of a man, and he had an abounding and for the most part untroubled love which he communicated through painting as naturally as most men breathe. A really penetrating study of him would start from this basis.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

Passing in Review

R. D. B.'s Procession, by Ralph D. Blumenfeld. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

VERY rarely have I read a book with greater interest than Blumenfeld's "Procession." With the exception of a few chapters devoted to a few international celebrities, it is a survey of England's great men of the last fifty years.

The author starts his sketches with Lloyd George, whom he calls the "Man Unafraid." The second chapter deals with the hair-tearing, bomb-throwing, hunger-striking tiger woman Emmeline Pankhurst, who, during the World War, changed from a virago into an angel of mercy. A very interesting chapter is devoted to "Jackie" Fisher, the war-time English Sea Lord whose outspoken aphorisms were garnished with seaweed and

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spray and who improvized imitation battleships out of old White Star liners to mislead the Germans. Then follows a description of Lord Carson, the most beloved of Irishmen, whom the author calls a hard man with a soft heart, and a dour combination of steel and velvet, of flints and garlands, roses and thorns.

Next in the procession follow Field Marshal Lord Roberts, the great little soldier. Blumenfeld states that "Bobs," as the people affectionately called his Lordship, was a bad speaker and could hardly hold the attention of the House of Lords when he spoke. But whatever "Bobs" lacked in oratory he fully made up in repartee. Another Field Marshal, Lord Kitchener, the "Adamant," appears in "Procession." The author speaks of him as a war minister in uniform, who cut through red tape inconsiderately but effectively.

Lord "Charlie" Beresford, friend of royalty and darling of the lower deck, is not forgotten by Mr. Blumenfeld. He and "Charlie" seem to have been very intimate and in each other's confidence as their correspondence proves. An amusing incident is described in the chapter dealing with "Oom," Paul Kruger, one time President of the Transvaal. After the Boer War Kruger came to Marseilles, France, where the author and Mr. H. R. Chamberlain, an American correspondent went to interview the ex-President. When Kruger heard the name Chamberlain he went up in the air and shouted: "Take him away, take him away." Kruger thought he had been tricked into meeting his arch-enemy, "Joe" Chamberlain, England's Colonial Secretary.

In one chapter of his book Mr. Blumenfeld leaves his English friends and speaks of "Presidents I Have Known." He tells of Grover Cleveland as "massive in so many ways"; of Teddy Roosevelt as flashing, brilliant, active, direct, forceful, compelling and lovable; of Franklin D. as the man of velvet and lace, flounces and ribbons; of Taft the gigantic; of Harding the enigmatic; of Coolidge the shrewd and careful; of Hoover as the contented and studious.

Another chapter, which makes very interesting reading, is the one dealing with General Boulanger, one time idol of France who for the love of a lady missed a crown and who might have changed the history of Europe.

According to the author, there was no love lost between him and a former employer, the late James Gordon Bennett, whom he calls a newspaper tyrant. He recalls with bitterness the many unnecessary and unjust proprietorial impositions he had to endure during the ten years he worked for that famous publisher. On the other hand he gives thanks for the tutelage received by that capable and wise journalist.

The space at my disposal does not permit me to mention all the fifty-five celebrities in "Procession" but the most pathetic chapter in this book must not be left unmentioned. It deals with Madame Bernhardt, the "Divine Sarah." It tells of the triumphs of her early days and of her heroic struggles against poverty in her old age, when she, an invalid, was forced by her profligate son, Maurice, back on the stage to supply money for his pleasures.

THEODORE ACHTERMANN.

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Briefer Mention

Sainte Genevieve, the Story of Missouri's Oldest Settlement, by Francis J. Yealy, S.J. Sainte Genevieve, Missouri: The Bicentennial Historical Committee. $1.50.

THIS is a jewel of a little book of Americana. It will surely brighten up the pleasant corner about which it is written and for anyone interested in the development, vicissitudes and survivals of a preponderantly Catholic social microcosm in the American scene it will be a delight and inspiration. The valuables of French civilization are clearly evidenced in their contribution to the making of an orderly human community. Later, German Catholics come in great numbers and make their sturdy, pious and self-sufficient additions to Sainte Genevieve. The flavor of the book may perhaps best be indicated by quoting: "The homes of Sainte Genevieve are not all gems of art. But comparatively few of the people are mere tenants; and about their homes and gardens is an atmosphere of humanity, of good repute and of secure possession. And in the midst of these homes the great structure of the Catholic church towers in significant pride of place above the courthouse and the jail." Here the lives of the citizens "are kept orderly and serene more by the Ten Commandments than by the sanctions of the civil law," and their destiny, the author concludes, "has been to exemplify an attainable culture."

Primitives and the Supernatural, by Lucien Levy-Bruhl. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

FOR PROFESSOR LEVY-BRUHL the "supernatural" is an unknown quantity. He assumes that the "metaphysic" of a primitive mind must be totally different from anything a modern person would understand by that word. In the present book he does, however, go farther toward meeting the problems suggested by early religion than he has previously ventured. Granted these assumptions, the volume now issued is a useful and lucid summary of what investigators have discovered concerning the rites and customs by means of which the primitive regulates his attitude toward "unseen powers."

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